



SELECTED POEMS

OF

COLERIDGE

AND

TENNYSON

Prescribed for University Matriculation and
Normal School Entrance Exam-
inations for 1919.

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

J. F. MACDONALD, M.A.

Assistant Professor of English in Queen's University,
Kingston.

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PREFATORY NOTE

This edition of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and a number of Tennyson's poems has been prepared specially for the use of secondary school pupils trying University Matriculation and Departmental examinations. As these include Entrance Faculty and Honour Matriculation candidates, as well as more numerous candidates for Pass Matriculation and Entrance to Normal Schools, some few notes and questions, intended for the more advanced students, may be found rather beyond the grasp of the majority. The discerning teacher will know how to make the best use of the apparatus provided. Care has been taken to have the text of the poems accurate. That of *The Ancient Mariner* is based on *The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, edited by E. H. Coleridge, 2 vols., Oxford, 1912; that of Tennyson on the latest *Globe* edition, published by Macmillan & Co. The poems for comparison and sight reading are reprinted by the courtesy of the Oxford University Press from *A Book of Ballads*, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, and *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*. Alan Seeger's *I have a rendezvous with death* is due to the courtesy of Scribners. I have purposefully chosen the poems for sight from the work of modern writers in the hope that these few selections may tempt some students to read modern verse, or may at least make them feel that poetry did not die with Tennyson.

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PASSAGES FOR MEMORIZATION

JUNIOR MATRICULATION, ENTRANCE TO NORMAL
SCHOOL.

HONOUR MATRICULATION, AND ENTRANCE TO
FACULTIES OF EDUCATION.

1919.

Coleridge: *The Ancient Mariner*, ll. 354-372, 'Around, around
. . . . singeth a quiet tune'; ll. 599-617, 'O Wedding-guest. . .
loveth all.'

Tennyson: *The Lotos Eaters*, ll. 10-28; Stanzas I and III
of the *Choric Song*; *Ulysses*, ll. 18-32 and ll. 44-61; 'Of old
sat Freedom'; 'Sweet and low'; 'The Splendour Falls'; *The
Charge of the Light Brigade*.

Shakespeare: *Julius Caesar*:—

Act 1, Sc. 1, ll. 40-60—O you hard hearts. . . on this ingrati-
tude.

Act. 3, Sc. 1, ll. 148-163—O mighty Caesar. . . spirits of this
age.

Act. 3, Sc. 2, ll. 173-196—If you have tears. . . flourished
over us.

Act. 4, Sc. 2, ll. 19-27—Thou hast described. . . in the trial.

Act. 5, Sc. 5, ll. 68-75—This was the noblest. . . was a man.



COLERIDGE

THE RIME OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER

IN SEVEN PARTS

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium fam'liam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tamquam in tabula, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, et certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.—T. BURNET, *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68.

PART I

An ancient
Mariner meet-
eth three Gal-
lants bidden
to a wedding-
feast, and
detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, 5
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
 'There was a ship,' quoth he.
 'Hold off! unhand me, greybeard loon!
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child:
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
 He cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

'The ship was cheered, the harbour clear
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he!
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon—
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, 37
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

'And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, 45
As ^{one} who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled. 50

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts 55
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around:
 It cracked and growled, and roared and
 howled,
 Like noises in a swound!

swound

Till a great
 sea-bird, called
 the Albatross,
 came through
 the snow-fog,
 and was re-
 ceived with
 great joy and
 hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
 Thorough the fog it came;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.

65

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through!

70

And lo! the
 Albatross
 proveth a bird
 of good omen,
 and followeth
 the ship as it
 returned
 northward
 through fog
 and floating
 ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
 white,
 Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'

76

The ancient
 Mariner
 inhospitably
 killeth the
 pious bird of
 good omen.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
 Why lookst thou so?'—With my cross-bow
 I shot the Albatross.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right :
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left 85
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariners' hollo! 90

His ship-
 mates cry out
 against the
 ancient Mari-
 ner, for killing
 the bird of
 good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe :
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, 95
 That made the breeze to blow!

But when the
 fog cleared
 off, they jus-
 tify the same,
 and thus make
 themselves
 accomplices
 in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist:
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist. 100
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze
 continues; the
 ship enters the
 Pacific Ocean,
 and sails north-
 ward, even
 till it reaches
 the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free;
 We were the first that ever burst 105
 Into that silent sea.

The ship hath
 been suddenly
 becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;

And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Al-
batross begins
to be avenged

Water, water every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!

A Spirit had
followed
them; one of
the invisible
inhabitants of
this planet,
neither de-
parted souls
nor angels;
concerning
whom the
learned Jew,
Josephus, and
the Platonic
Constantino-
politan, Michael
Psellus, may be
consulted. They
are very num-
erous, and there
is no climate or
element with-
out one or
more.

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

110

And every tongue, through utter drought, 135
 Was withered at the root;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

115

The ~~op-~~mate, in their
 sore distress,
 would fain
 throw the
 whole guilt on
 the ancient
 Mariner, in
 sign whereof
 they hang the
 dead sea-bird
 round his
 neck.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young! 140
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART III

120

There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! a weary time! 145

The ancient
 Mariner be-
 holdeth a
 sign in the
 element afar
 off.

How glazed each weary eye,
 When looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.

125

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist; 150
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

130

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it neared and neared:
 As if it dodged a water-sprite, *sprite* 155
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer
 approach, it
 seemeth him
 to be a ship;

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;

and at a dear
ransom he
freeth his
speech from
the bonds of
thirst.

Through utter drought all dumb we stood
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call:
A flash of joy; Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror
follows. For
can it be a
ship that
comes onward
without wind
or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well night done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove sud-
Betwixt us and the Sun. [denly

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of a
ship.

^{done}
And straight the Sun was flecked with
bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat low)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the set-
ting Sun.
The Spectre-
Woman and
her Death-
mate, and no
other on board
the skeleton
ship.

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?

And is that Woman all her crew?

Is that a Death? and are there two?

Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free, 190

Her locks were yellow as gold:

Her skin was as white as leprosy,

The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she

Who thicks man's blood with cold. 194

Death and
Life-in-Death
have diced for
the ship's
crew, and she
(the latter)
winneth the
ancient
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,

And the twain were casting dice;

'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:

At one stride comes the dark; 200

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,

Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising
of the Moon.

We listened and looked sideways up!

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,

My life-blood seemed to sip! 205

The stars were dim, and thick the night,

The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed

From the sails the dew did drip— [white;

Till clomb above the eastern bar

The hornéd Moon, with one bright star 210

Within the nether tip.

One after
another.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates
drop down
dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on
the ancient
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,— 23
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV

The Wedding-
Guest feareth
that a Spirit is
talking to him;

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!

223

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the ancient
Mariner assur-
eth him of his
bodily life and
proceedeth to
relate his hor-
rible penance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'— 229
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony

235

Moon,
y pang,
215

He despiseth
the creatures
of the calm,

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

— 220

And envieth
that they
should live,
and so many
lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea, 240
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

225
wn,

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht, 245
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

229
st!

But the curse
liveth for him
in the eye of
the dead men.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea 250
and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

235

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me 255
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye! 260
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixed-ness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The spell begins to break

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:

Softly she was going up,

And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main

Like April hoar-frost spread;

But where the ship's huge shadow lay

The charmed water burnt away

A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,

I watched the water-snakes:

They moved in tracks of shining white

And when they reared, the elfish light

Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship,

I watched their rich attire:

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,

They coiled and swarm; and every track

Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue

Their beauty might declare:

A spring of love gushed from my heart,

And I blessed them unaware:

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,

And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;

And from my neck so free

The Albatross fell off, and sank 290
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, 295
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother,
the ancient
Mariner is re-
freshed with
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained. 300

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs: 305
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and
commotions in
the sky and
the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear; 310
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere. *dry, sunburned*

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,

To and fro they were hurried about !
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more low
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain poured down from one
 black cloud ;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and sti
 The Moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspired,
 and the ship
 moves on ;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all up
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved
 Yet never a breeze up-blew ; [on
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tool
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee;
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me. 344

But not by the
 souls of the
 men, nor by
 demons of
 earth or
 middle air, but
 by a blessed
 troop of an-
 gelic spirits,
 sent down by
 the invocation
 of the guard-
 ian saint.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corse came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped 350
 their arms,

And clustered round the mast;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
 mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun; 355
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing:
 Sometimes all little birds that are, 360
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning! *singing*

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song, 365
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe:
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance. Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The spirit slid: and it was he
 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean:
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound:
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible in- How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare;

as it is able to tell

conscience

inhabitants of
 the element,
 take part in his
 wrong; and
 two of them
 relate, one to
 the other, that
 penance long
 and heavy for
 the ancient
 mariner hath
 been accorded
 to the Polar
 spirit, who
 returneth
 southward.

But ere my living life returned,
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
 By him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself 402
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow.' 405

The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew:
 Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.'

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

'But tell me, tell me! speak again, 410
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?
 What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,
 The ocean hath no blast; 415
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.' icu
sto

FIRST VOICE

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance;
 for the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive north-
 ward faster
 than human
 life could
 endure.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high
 Or we shall be belated: *made ok*
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The superna-
 tural motion is
 retarded; the
 Mariner
 awakes, and
 his penance
 begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather:
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they
 Had never passed away:
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs
 Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is
finally expi-
ate

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

445

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend 450
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade. 455

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the an-
cient Mariner
beholdeth his
native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar
And I with sobs did pray—

425

430

435

440

O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn! *spread*
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.
reflected

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies,

And appear
in their own
forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood! *exclamation*
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

470 This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice; but oh! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

475 But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
 I heard the Pilot's cheer;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast:
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

480 I saw a third — I heard his voice:
 It is the Hermit good!
 He singeth loud his 'godly hymns 510
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
 485 The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

500 The Hermit of
the Wood, This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea. 515
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
 He loves to talk with marineres
 That come from a far countree.

495 He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 He hath a cushion plump: 520

It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them t
'Why, this is strange, I trow! ~~There~~
Where are those lights so many and fa
That signal made but now?'

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those
How thin they are and sere! [sails,
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
ivy-bush When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared' — 'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-
denly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:

It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
Mariner is
laid in the
Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drownded
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat. 555

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked 560
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly en-
treateth the
Hermit to
shrieve him;
and the pen-
ance of life
falls on him.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wren
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and
anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

— O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk, 605
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends
 And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach,
 by his own
 example, love
 and reverence
 to all things
 that God made
 and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best 615
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest 620
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man, 625
 He rose the morrow morn.

TENNYSON

THE LOTOS-EATERS

'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
 In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke, 1
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
 And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke.
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops, 13
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale 20
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale;
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!
 And round about the keel with faces pale, 25
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 35
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland, 40
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but ever-more
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
 And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.' 45

CHORIC SONG.

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
 skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,

Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 35
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave? 95
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day, 105
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly

To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of bra

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives
 And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The Gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly
 With half-dropt eyelid still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and he

To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine — 140
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
 pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
 dust is blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
 was seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
 fountains in the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of man- 155
 kind.
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
 hurl'd
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
 lightly curl'd
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over was
lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roar
deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships
and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a dole
song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale
wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words
strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave
soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered
—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil,
shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar;
Oh, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not war
more.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35

This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40

In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50

Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep 55
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60

Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

LOCKSLEY HALL

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early
morn:

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the
bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews
call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley
Hall; 4

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy
tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went
to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West. 8

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow
shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver
braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth
sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of
Time; 12

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed;

When I clung to all the present for the promise that it
closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder
would be.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the ro
breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself and
crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burni
dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turn
thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be
one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observ
hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the t
to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being set
thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and
light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the north
night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden st
of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of haze
eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do
me wrong;'

Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have
loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his
glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands. 32

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the
copses ring,

And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of
the Spring. 36

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately
ships,

And our spirits dash'd together at the touching of the
lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no
more!

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren
shore! 40

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have
sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish
tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me
decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart
mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathy
with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with
clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight
drag thee down,

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent
novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than
horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they
glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand
thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is clogged
wrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with
lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee
my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's
disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength
of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living
truth! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead
of the fool!

Well 'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less
unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever
wife was loved. 64

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but
bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the
root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years
should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging
rookery home. 68

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the
mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew
her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she
and move:

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at w
love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the
she bore?

No—she never loved me truly: love is love for
more.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth
poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy l
be put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on
roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art sta
at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shad
rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to
drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that t
wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by
phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of th
ears;

And she speak And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on
thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow : get thee to thy rest
again.
72

for the love Nay, but Nature brings thee solace ; for a tender voice
will cry.
Tis a purer life than thine ; a lip to drain thy trouble
dry.
88

is truth the Baby lips will laugh me down : my latest rival brings
thee rest.
remembering Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the
mother's breast.
76

thy heart O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not
his due.
Half is thine and half is his : it will be worthy of the
two.
92

art staring O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
e shadows With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.
80

ing to his They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself
was not exempt—
s that thou Truly, she herself had suffered'—Perish in thy self-
contempt !
96

'd by the Overlive it—lower yet—be happy ! wherefore should I
care ?
g of thine I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.
84

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon
like these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to gold
keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the man
overflow.

I have but an angry fancy : what is that which I should
do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's
ground,

When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds
laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's
heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that every
page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wonder of
Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before
strife,

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of
my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming year
would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field,

upon days
t to golden
100

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary
dawn;

ne markets
ch I should

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him
then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs
of men: 116

e foeman's
e winds are
104

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do:

urt that
at each

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be; 120

that earlier
wondrous
108

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales;

before the
e tumult of

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a
ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue; 124

oming years
his father's
112

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle
flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left
me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the
jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are cloyed
of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from
point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping
nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly
dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purport
runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process
of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful
joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like the
boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on
the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and
more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a
laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of
his rest. 144

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the
bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for
their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd
string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight
a thing. 148

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a
shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd
with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto
wine— 152

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for
some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to
beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father
starr'd;—

I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish un-
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far
away,

On from island unto island at the gateways of the

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and ha-
skies,

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, kn-
of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings
trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the hea-
fruited tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres
sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in
march of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts
shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have
and breathing space.

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my du-
race.

ather evil-
sh uncle's
156

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they
shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances
in the sun;

nder far
of the day.

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of
the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books— 172

and happy
ster, knots
160

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words
are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian
child.

opean flag,
wings the

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our
glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with
lower pains! 176

he heavy-
spheres of
164

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or
clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

an in this
ughts that

I that rather held it better men should perish one by
one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's
moon in Ajalon! 180

ave scope
my dusky
168

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward
let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into
younger day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as w
life begun:

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightning
weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not s
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fa
yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Lock
Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me
roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening
heath and holt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thun
bolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fir
snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and

AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

As thro' the land at eve we went,
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 O we fell out I know not why,
 And kiss'd again with tears. 5
 And blessings on the falling out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love
 And kiss again with tears!
 For when we came where lies the child 10
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 O there above the little grave,
 We kiss'd again with tears.

SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea! 5
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon; 10
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALL

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying

TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN 59

TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT
THEY MEAN

15
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

WALLS
Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

g, 5
dying.
Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

10
y:
, dying.
Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20

ng,
g, dying.

THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING
DRUMS

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:

A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR
DEAD

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet, my child, I live for thee.'

ASK ME NO MORE: THE MOON MAY
DRAW THE SEA

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape:
5 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more. 5

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more. 10

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
5 Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more. 15

10

15

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON

PUBLISHED IN 1852

I

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.

DUKE OF

hty nation,

ore?

No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war, 30
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew, 35
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
 Such was he whom we deplore. 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V

All is over and done:
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son. 45
 Let the bell be toll'd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river,
 There he shall rest for ever 50

20

Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-temper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and w
priest,

With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?

Mighty Seaman, this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea.

55 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man, 85

The greatest sailor since our world began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,

To thee the greatest soldier comes;

For this is he

60 Was great by land as thou by sea; 90

His foes were thine; he kept us free;

O give him welcome, this is he

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,

And worthy to be laid by thee;

65 For this is England's greatest son, 95

He that gain'd a hundred fights,

Nor ever lost an English gun;

This is he that far away

Against the myriads of Assaye

70 Clash'd with his fiery few and won; 100

And underneath another sun,

Warring on a later day,

Round affrighted Lisbon drew

The treble works, the vast designs

75 Of his labour'd rampart-lines, 105

Where he greatly stood at bay,

Whence he issued forth anew,

And ever great and greater grew,

Beating from the wasted vines

Back to France her banded swarms,

110

Back to France with countless blows,

Ull o'er the hills her eagles flew

Beyond the Pyrenean pines,

Follow'd up in valley and glen

st, 80
and with

With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,

115 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII

120 A people's voice! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
 125 His Briton in blown seas and storming showers, 155
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
 130 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 135 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings; 165
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 140 But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170
 Remember him who led your hosts;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 145 For ever; and whatever tempests lour 175
 For ever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all

He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden

All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,

The path of duty was the way to glory: 210

He, that ever following her commands,

On with toil of heart and knees and hands,

Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won

His path upward, and prevail'd,

Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled 215

Are close upon the shining table-lands

To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Such was he: his work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure,

Let his great example stand 220

Colossal, seen of every land,

And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:

Till in all lands and thro' all human story

The path of duty be the way to glory:

And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame,

For many and many an age proclaim 226

At civic revel and pomp and game,

And when the long-illuminated cities flame,

Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,

With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230

Eternal honour to his name.

I

Peace, his triumph will be sung

By some yet unmoulded tongue

Far on in summers that we shall not see:

Peace, it is a day of pain 235

For one about whose patriarchal knee

Late the little children clung:

O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere; 245
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true 255
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore 260
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul? 265
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears.
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 270

He is gone who seem'd so great.—
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State, 275
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him, 280
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

GADE

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while 30
All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke 35
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them, 40
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well 45
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade? 50
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred ! 55

ENOCH ARDEN

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
'This is my house and this my little wife.'

'Mine too,' said Philip, 'turn and turn about :'
 When, if they quarrel'd, Enoch stronger-made 30
 Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love, 40
 But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
 But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
 And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
 A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas : 55
 And all men look'd upon him favourably :
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nest like, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth

Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95
 Not only to the market-cross were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast 105
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:
 Another hand crept too across his trade, 110
 Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore 115
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
 And her he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
 'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 120
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. 'Would he go?
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,

Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place? 125
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weathered in her! 135
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life, 145
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes 155
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

? 125 Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)
 130 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring but her, 165
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
 135 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

t For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170
 140 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
 — Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang 175
 145 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180
 150 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 155 Yet Enoch, as a brave God-fearing man, 185
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery

Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him: and then he said .
 'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.' 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise; 210
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
 (He named the day), get you a seaman's glass, 215
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
 'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come again,
 190 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go 220
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
 195 Can I go from Him? and the sea is his, 225
 The sea is His: He made it.'

Enoch rose,

Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 200 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept 230
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
 'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
 Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
 205 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt 235
 A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
 Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

210 She, when the day that Enoch mention'd came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps 240
 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
 She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

215 Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail 245
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;

Then, tho' she mourned his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred
 To barter, nor compensating the want 250
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less 255
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy. 260

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
 With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
 Whether her business often called her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most, 265
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware.—
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away. 270

In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
 'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her now. 275
 May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
 Pass'd thro' the solitary room in front,

Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief, 280
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,
 Cared not to look on any human face,
 But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly
 'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.' 285

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,
 'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am!' half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her: 290
 'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
 You chose the best among us—a strong man:
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'. 295
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
 For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. 300
 And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave.
 If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now— 305
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay—
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again

Why then he shall repay me—if you will, 310
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
 This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face; 315
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
 He will repay you: money can be repaid; 320
 Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd

'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,

She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him, 325
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away. 330

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake, 335
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
 The late and early roses from his wall,

310 Or conies from the down, and now and then, 340
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal
 To save the offence of charitable, flour
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
 315 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her, 345
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 320 To greet his hearty welcome heartily ; 350
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
 And called him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
 As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them 355
 325 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where : and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land, 360
 330 led forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
 To go with others, nutting to the wood,
 And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too : 365
 335 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to
 him

'Come with us, Father Philip,' he denied ;
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,

He laugh'd and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing, 'Let me rest' she said;
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.
'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which as with a kind of anger in him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said
'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke,
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,

- 370 And it has been upon my mind so long, 400
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living; well then—let me speak: 405
 375 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless—they say that women are so quick—
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove 410
 380 A father to your children: I do think
 They love me as a father: I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own;
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years, 415
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 385 To any of his creatures. Think upon it:
 For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
 And we have known each other all our lives, 420
 And I have loved you longer than you know.'
- 390 Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
 You have been as God's good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself. 425
 395 Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?
 'I am content,' he answer'd, 'to be loved
 A little after Enoch.' 'O' she cried,
 Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while: 430
 If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—

Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year :
 O wait a little !' Philip sadly said
 'Annie, as I have waited all my life
 I well may wait a little.' 'Nay, she cried
 'I am bound : you have my promise—in a year :
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ?'
 And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

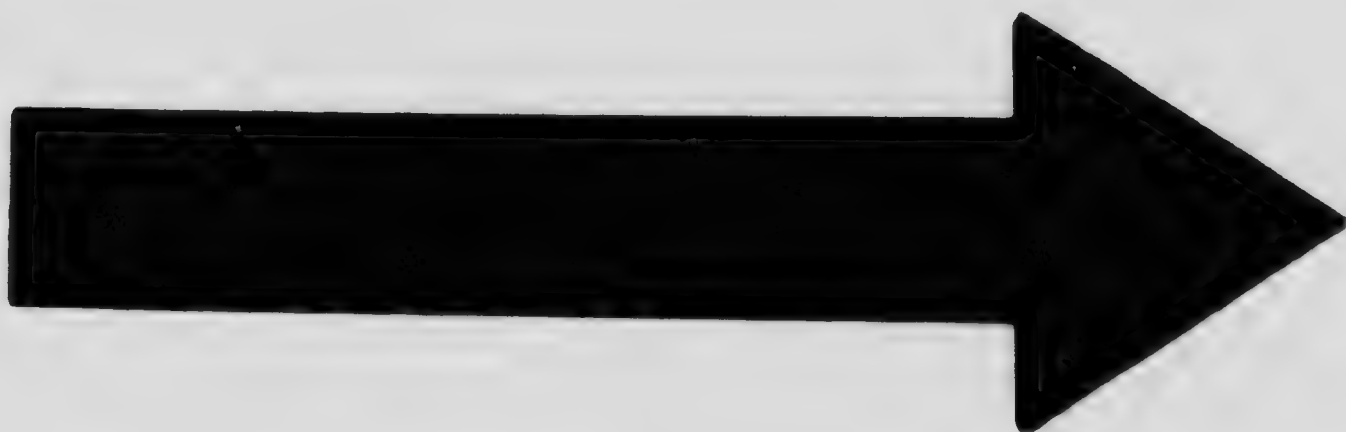
Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil ;
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
 I am always bound to you, but you are free.'
 Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had lov'd her longer than she knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year ?' she ask'd.
 'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again :
 Come out and see.' But she—she put him off—
 So much to look to—such a change—a month—
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—

A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand, 465
 'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.'
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
 And yet she held him on delayingly
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance, 470
 Till half-another year had slipped away.

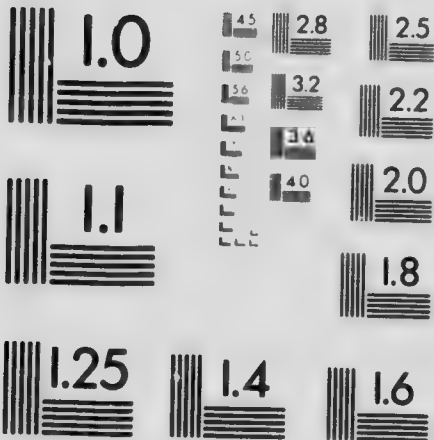
By this the lazy gossips of the port,
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her; 475
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;
 And others laughed at her and Philip too,
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds.
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly 480
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her
 To wed the man so dear to all of them
 And lift the household out of poverty; 485
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly 490
 Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?'
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light,



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Then desperately seized the holy Book, 495
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
'Under the palm-tree.' That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height, 500
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:
'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried 505
"Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
'There is no reason why we should not wed.'
'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once.' 510

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear, 515
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew: 520
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child: but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all, 525
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

495 And where was Enoch? Prosperously sail'd
 The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth,
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext 530
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 500 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually 535
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 505 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded dragon also for the babes. 540

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable, 545
 515 Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens,
 Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night, 550
 520 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots; 555
 525 Nor save for pity was it hard to take

The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three, 560
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
 Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life. 565
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone. 570
 In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird, 575
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen 580
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd 585
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,

As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail : 590
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
 The blaze upon his island overhead ; 595
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch, 600
 So still the golden lizard on him paused,
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved
 Before him haunting him, or he himself
 Moved haunting people, things and places, known
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line ; 605
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs. 610
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells ; 615
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle

Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none who speaks with Him, seem all alone, 620
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields, 625
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay: 630
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores 635
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs 640
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand; 645
Whom, when their casks were fill'd, they took aboard:
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:

And clothes they gave him and free passage home ; 650
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 620 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his county, or could answer him,
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
 And dull the voyage was with long delays, 655
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 625 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath 660
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
 And that same morning officers and men
 630 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :
 Then moving up the coast they landed him, 665
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
 But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm, 670
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
 640 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray ;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage. 675
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 645 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light 680
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes 685
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;
 But finding neither light nor murmur there
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
 Still downward thinking 'dead, or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went, 690
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane, 695
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
 Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous, 700
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
 Told him with other annals of the port,
 Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
 So broken—all the story of his house.
 His baby's death, her growing poverty, 705
 How Philip put her little ones to school,
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
 Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
 No shadow past, nor motion: any one,
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
 Less than the teller: only when she closed

'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost'
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
 Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost ;'
 Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost !'

715

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;
 If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy.' So the thought
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth, 720
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below ;
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by 725
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
 Against it, and beats out his weary life. 730

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to landward ; but behind,
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen, 735
 A yew-tree, and all around it ran a walk
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
 Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs 740
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
 Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth ;

And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times, 745
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring 750
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
 Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
 But turning now and then to speak with him, 755
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee, 760
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all, 765
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth. 770

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,

Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: No father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,

Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife'
He said to Miriam 'that you spoke about, 805
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought
'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know, 810
I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd 815
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it 820
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more, 825
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach 830
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last.' 835

He called aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
 'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk! 840
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
 'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?' 845
 'Know him?' she said, 'I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him. 850
 I think I have not three days more to live;
 I am the man.' At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be.' Enoch said again 855
 'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
 My grief and solitude have broken me;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
 I married her who married Philip Ray. 860
 Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears, 865
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;

But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,
Saying only 'See your bairns before you go! 870
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:
'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die. 875
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her 880
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him. 885
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come, 890
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years, 895
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her, 900
That I am he.'

He ceased; and Miriam Lane

870 Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again 905
She promised.

Then the third night after this,

875 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea, 910
That all the houses in the haven rang.
880 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

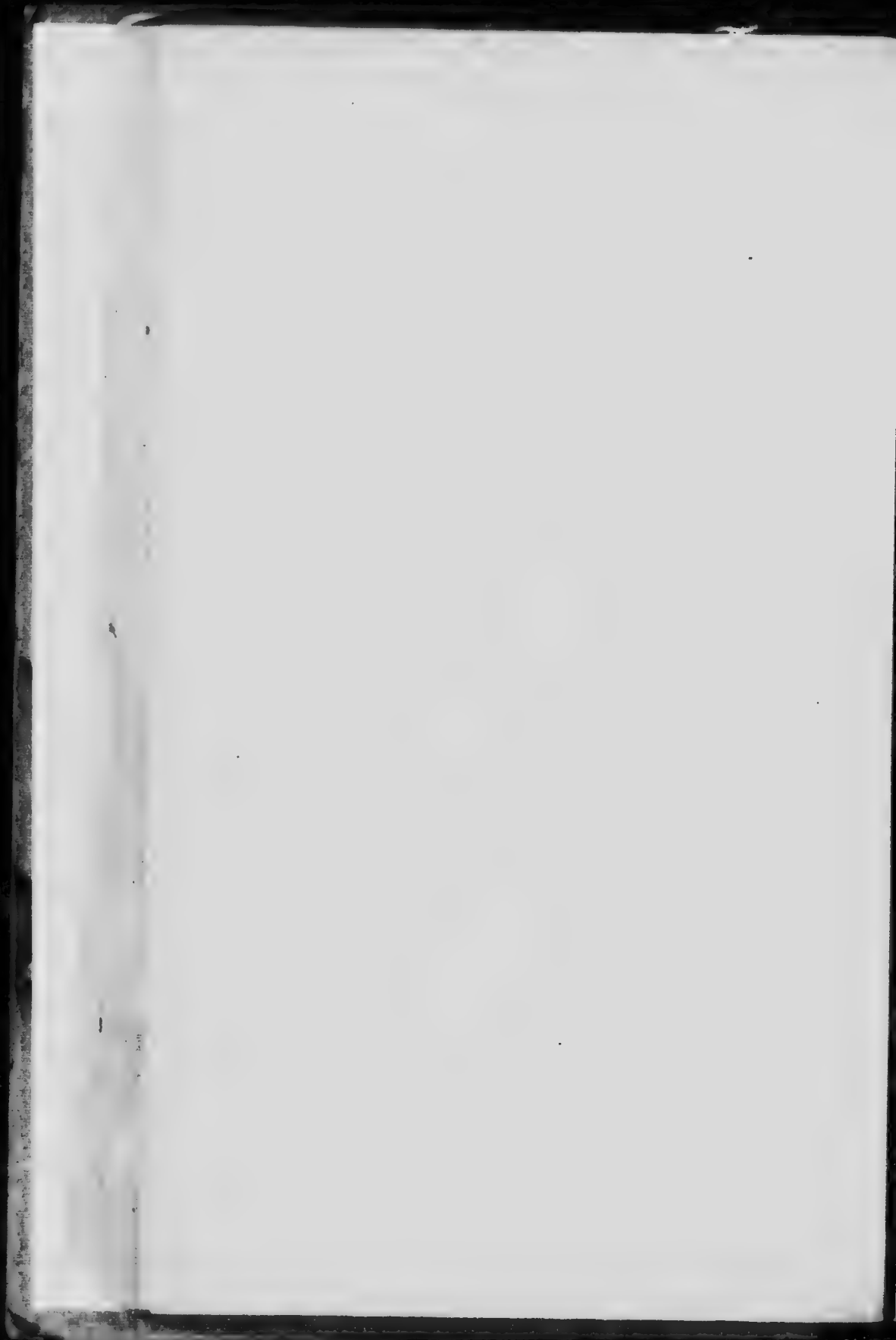
So past the strong heroic soul away. 915

885 And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

890

895

900



LIFE OF COLERIDGE

In a school text such as this little book there is not space for an adequate history of the life of Coleridge. It is highly desirable, however, that students should read some fuller account than the bare outline given below. In the school library or the public library there is sure to be a number of the books to which reference is made in the following short list of articles and books which it would be well to consult:

Encyclopaedia Britannica, article on Coleridge.

Chamber's Encyclopaedia, article on Coleridge by E. H. Coleridge.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, by James Dykes Campbell, Macmillan & Co. (The biographical introduction gives a very good account of his life).

Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 2 vols., edited by E. H. Coleridge, William Heinemann.

Coleridge (English Men of Letters Series), by H. D. Trail.

Essays of Elia, Charles Lamb. The essay on Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago, gives a vivid picture of the young Coleridge at the great London school. World's Classics.

Biographia Literaria. S. T. Coleridge. Everyman's Library.

My First Acquaintance with Poets. W. Hazlitt. The Liberal, 1823.

The Spirit of the Age. W. Hazlitt. The World's Classics, pp. 35-47.

S. T. Coleridge. T. De Quincey. Collected writings, Vol. II. Edinburgh, 1889.

Coleridge and Opium Eating. T. De Quincey. Collected Writings, Vol. V. Edinburgh, 1889.

It is not intended, of course, that a student should read all these, but it would be well for students preparing for Honour Matriculation or Entrance to Faculty Examinations to dip into the letters written during the decade 1795-1805, to read chapters I, IV, and XIV of the *Biographia Literaria*, to read some one of the biographies, and bits from Hazlitt and De Quincey.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the youngest of a family of thirteen, was born at Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, in 1772. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was vicar of the parish and master of the Grammar School. According to Coleridge's own account, he was a sensitive and precocious child who preferred reading to playing games with other boys. In 1782, after his

father's death, he was sent to the famous London school, Christ's Hospital. Here he got to be a close friend of several boys who afterwards became famous. The most interesting and permanent of these friendships was that with Charles Lamb.

At Christ's Hospital Coleridge was strongly influenced by the sonnets of William Bowles, a minor poet in that group who in the latter half of the 18th century revolted against the conventionality of language and subject-matter characteristic of the poetry of the time. In 1791 Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge, on an exhibition from Christ's Hospital. In his first year he won his only university distinction, the Browne Gold Medal for the best Greek Ode. In 1793, for reasons that are not fully known, he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, but after two months procured his discharge and returned to college. Shortly afterwards on a visit to Oxford he met Southey. The young men at once became warm friends. Under the influence of the French Revolution they planned the founding of an ideal commonwealth, the 'Pantisocracy,' in the back-woods of America. The visionary scheme was never put to the test of experience, largely through lack of money. Coleridge left Cambridge in the winter of 1794, without taking a degree.

In 1795 he married Sarah Fricker, whose sister Mary was married to a young Quaker poet, Lovell, and whose other sister, Edith, married Southey a few weeks later. Coleridge had no money and no steady employment. He lectured, started a magazine, *The Watchman*, which ran for only ten numbers, preached in Unitarian chapels, and wrote poetry. A young Bristol publisher named Cottle, to whom he had been introduced by Lovell, advanced him £30 in payment of the copyright for a volume published in 1796 under the title *Poems on Various Subjects*. For the next few years Coleridge was largely dependent on the bounty of friends, especially of a wealthy tanner, Mr. Poole. About this time he contracted the habit of taking laudanum, a

practice begun to relieve the pains of neuralgia. In a few years he had become a victim of the drug.

His intimacy with the Wordsworths that began at Nether Stowey in Somersetshire in 1797, gave a remarkable stimulus to his poetic powers. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy moved to the neighbouring village of Alfoxden, of which the 'principal inducement,' writes Dorothy Wordsworth, 'was Coleridge's society.' Between June, 1797, and September, 1798, Coleridge wrote nearly all his best poetry. *The Ancient Mariner*, the first part of *Christabel*, *Love, The Dark Ladie*, the *Ode to France*, *The Nightingale*, *Fears in Solitude*, *Frost at Midnight*, and *Kubla Khan*, to mention only the best, were all written in this wonderful year. The second part of *Christabel* (1800) and *Dejection* (1802) are the only poems he afterwards wrote that can be said to reach the level of 1797-98. The famous volume of *Lyrical Ballads* was published with Wordsworth in 1798. In this year, too, the Wedgwoods, the great pottery makers, gave him an annuity of £150 so that he might be free to give all his time to literature.

The rest of his life may be briefly told. In 1799 he joined the staff of *The Morning Post*, but, after a brief period of successful work as a journalist, retired to Keswick in the Lake country. Here with failing health he had recourse more and more to opium. After two years spent in Malta, where he was temporary Secretary to the Civil Commissioner, he returned to London in 1806. For the next ten years he worked spasmodically, writing for papers, publishing a periodical, *The Friend*, at irregular intervals for a few months in 1809-10, delivering a series of lectures on literary subjects in London and Bristol in 1811-14. In 1816 he took the decisive step of putting himself under the care of a Mr. James Gillman, a physician of Highgate, in whose house he lived for the remaining 18 years of his life. Here he gradually overcame the craving for opium and regained something of his old power of working. The most important of his works written during these years

are the *Biographia Literaria*, the *Aids to Reflection* and the *Notes on Shakespeare*. The first and third contain some of the soundest and most penetrating criticism in the English language, the second was one of the main causes of the Broad Church movement in England. The *Notes on Shakespeare*, too, did a great deal for the Shakespeare revival in the early 19th century.

The closing years of Coleridge's life were brightened by frequent visits of his many friends and admirers, on whom his wonderful power of talk exercised a profound influence. The general verdict of those who heard him discourse was that his published work, great and influential as it has been, did not represent the amazing power of the man. It is idle to speculate on what he might have accomplished had his will been equal to his imagination and intellect. The melancholy reflection of Browning's *Andrea del Sarto* might almost serve as his epitaph:

'In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—
And thus we half-men struggle.'

THE ANCIENT MARINER AND THE POPULAR BALLADS

For the full understanding and appreciation of *The Ancient Mariner*, some knowledge of the old popular ballads is necessary. It is neither desirable nor possible, however, in a little text-book such as this, to enter into a long discussion of what is one of the most vexed questions in English literature. But that fact need not prevent a short account of the ballad, which is almost the only native type of verse that survives in English.

Professor Gummere has defined a ballad as 'a poem meant for singing, quite impersonal in manner, narrative in material, probably connected in its origins with the communal dance, but submitted to a process of oral tradition among people who are free from literary influences and fairly homogeneous in character.' Pro-

fessor Kittredge has a simpler and broader definition: 'A ballad is a song that tells a story, or—to take the other point of view—a story told in song.' The first of these definitions raises the whole question of the origin of the old ballads. There are two rival theories. One is that the old ballads were composed by strolling minstrels, who based them on the long metrical romances of the middle ages, but worked over their material into a form suited to a simple, popular audience. The other is the theory of folk production. The ballad, say the exponents of this theory, is the work of the community. At some festal gathering one member chants a verse, the rest reply with a refrain or chorus, probably to the accompaniment of rhythmic dancing, another is inspired and adds a verse and again come the refrain and the dance. The process is repeated until the end of the simple, well-known story is reached. There are thus many authors whose joint work creates the ballad. 'The folk is its author.'

Now there is ample evidence that primitive communities did produce poetry in the way described. On the other hand, as Professor Kittredge points out, 'it is unlikely that even the simplest of our extant ballads were made in this fashion.' How, then, were they made? Not by the professional minstrels—that much is now generally agreed, for the minstrel poetry that has come down to us is radically different from the ballads. It is almost certain that the authors of our ballads belonged to the common people and got their material from popular sources. Everyone knew the story, which was either an old tradition, a simple comedy or tragedy of everyday life, or the last nine days' wonder which all the community was talking about. The singer merely voices what fills the minds of everyone in his audience. The story is sung time after time by many different singers until at last a version comes to be accepted as the best, is handed down from generation to generation, and becomes one of the common stock of ballads. It may differ greatly or hardly at all

from the original version of the earliest singer. The difference will depend on the quality of the first ballad, on the dialect in which it is sung, and on the tendency to give it a local setting.

Whatever form or forms it takes in the version that survives, a ballad is sure to have certain features that are common to all ballads. In the first place it is impersonal, the teller of the tale has no part in it and is not voicing his own feelings or his own mood. It may have a refrain or chorus, a very ancient device which, however, gradually fell into disuse. It is almost sure to use certain commonplace expressions, or even passages some lines long that recur in many ballads. If a message is given, it is repeated verbatim by the messenger. There may be, too, a curious kind of 'incremental repetition,' as Professor Gummere calls it, that is a series of stanzas each repeating the preceding one with a slight variation that gets the story forward. The ballad of *Baby Lon* is an admirable example. But an enumeration of qualities will not, after all, get us far. The best way to learn what old ballads are like is to read some of them. Those reprinted at the back of this book are of very different types. *Baby Lon* might almost be the product of the folk, *Sir Patrick Spens* could not possibly be; it is the work of an individual poet, of a gifted poet at that. Yet the reader feels that even these two ballads have something in common, something that is common also to *The Wife of Usheir's Well*, *The Daemon Lover*, and *Robin Hood and the Monk*.

The age of the popular ballads is another subject of dispute. The oldest manuscript of a British ballad is one of the 13th century that preserves a copy of *Judas*, a curious legend of the Middle Ages. There are no 14th century copies and only a few of the 15th century, chiefly Robin Hood ballads. This does not mean, however, that ballads were not common in the 14th and 15th centuries. There is direct evidence of various contemporary writers that ballads were common, the

best known reference to them being that of Sloth in *Piers Plowman*, who boasts that he knows 'rhymes of Robin Hood and Randal, earl of Chester.' A type of ballads known as broadsides, from being printed on one side of a broad sheet of paper, sprang up early in the 16th century. They dealt with whatever was new and sensational, like Autolycus' ballad in *The Winter's Tale* of 'a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids.' These broadsides were the 'yellow journals' of the 16th century.

Some of the genuine old ballads got into print, more of them were preserved in manuscript collections like the famous 17th century Percy Folio; but many of them, too, have reached us only through oral tradition and were not printed till the 18th or even, in some cases, the 19th century, when they were taken down in writing by people who heard them sung. It is evident, then, that the date at which a particular ballad was first printed may have nothing to do with the date at which it was composed.

Sir Philip Sidney's praise of the ballad is one of the very earliest tributes by a man of letters as it is the noblest: 'Certainly, I must confesse my own barbarousnes, I never heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas that I found not my heart mooved more then with a Trumpet.' Ben Jonson and Addison both confessed to a love of the old ballads. Some unknown editor published the first collection of them in 1723. But the book that really brought the ballad into vogue as a literary form was Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, published in 1765. It was this book that led Sir Walter Scott to gather the materials for the three volumes of his own *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802-1803). It had a great influence, too, on the Romantic revival in Germany as well as in England. Moreover, the ballads of superstition made a special appeal to the taste of the last quarter of the 18th cen-

tury. Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1765) was the forerunner of a group of romances that earned for their writers the name of 'the School of Terror,' so crammed were they with mysterious and alarming incidents. The supernatural and the horrible fill the pages of Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) and Gregory Lewis' *The Monk* (1795).

Commentators have sometimes spoken of *The Ancient Mariner* as if it were almost an unnatural product for which there is no parallel in the literature of its time. On the contrary it is the outgrowth of a widespread movement in both Germany and England whose leaders exploited all that was mysterious and horrible in ancient legend and popular superstition. Indeed, Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* were ballads of the very kind that the taste of the time craved. They are weird, mysterious, uncanny, even horrible in places, though with the horror spiritualized into a spell that numbs us, that 'thicks men's blood with cold.'

We can actually see the master weaving this spell. Notice, for example, how the few stanzas in *The Ancient Mariner* of 1798 which were merely gruesome, were later either omitted or altered into passages of spiritual horror. Compare, for instance, the whisper of terror in:

Is that a Death? and are there two? --
Is Death that woman's mate?

(11. 188-9)

with the description in the first edition which it replaced:

His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween;
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust
They're patched with purple and green.'

Even more remarkable is the change in the two stanzas that follow the exultant cry of the weird woman:

'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

In the 1798 edition this was what followed:

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled thro' his bones;
Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the sea
Off darts the spectre-ship;
While clomb above the Eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Almost atween the tips.

By what alchemy of genius was this transmuted into

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

The Ancient Mariner is unquestionably the greatest * ballad in the language. *Christabel*, which rivals it in melody and picturesqueness and even surpasses it in weird mystery, was left unfinished. Only Coleridge, if even he, could have given it an ending that would not lower the effect of the two opening parts. *The Ancient Mariner* has no similar defect; it stands a rounded, perfect work of art. In language, metre, and story it is alike consummate. The skill with which the simple language of the old popular ballads is used can be fully appreciated only by comparing Coleridge's masterpiece with other ballads, ancient and modern. There is something almost magical in its diction. Who else could have written:

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;

OR

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey dew;

or

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Wordsworth is his only serious rival in this power of using simple language with fine suggestiveness. He has no serious rival among ballad-writers in the music of his verse. Alliteration, internal rhyme, vowel melody, variation of pause and accent—every device of the master metrist is at Coleridge's command. He does not hesitate to enlarge the simple ballad quatrain into a five, six, or even nine line stanza. A passage like the famous one beginning 'Around, around, flew each sweet sound' (ll. 354-372) will repay all the study of metre anyone cares to give to it. So, too, will the whole of Part III. Indeed it would be hard to select a single stanza of which the metre is not perfectly in keeping with the idea or feeling expressed.

The weird tale itself is a wonderful triumph. How plausible it all is! At the very outset we are subtly persuaded to belief by the Latin motto with its reminder that wise men of old believed in myriad unseen spirits who keep watch and ward over the souls of men, and still more by the eerie figure of the ancient mariner with its suggestion of age-old mystery in the sea and of the strange things that befall men who go down to the sea in ships. The mariner's crime, his penance, his winning of peace, are all in keeping with the mystery and wonder that cast a spell around us in the opening stanzas. Like the Wedding Guest, we 'cannot choose but hear.' Furthermore, the profound spiritual truth of the story underlies and sustains all its improbabilities. The tale is no allegory, but neither is it a mere sailor's legend of weird adventure. In our lives, too, peace comes to the man who sins only when his heart is purged of the baseness or cruelty that begot his crime. All his life long remorse hovers over him ever ready 'at an uncertain hour' to lay hold on him again. Into the lives of most of us there has come already, or

will assuredly come with the years, some strange voyage alone on wide seas of thought, an experience that gives deeper meaning to the mariner's yearning cry for sympathy:

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seem'd there to be.

Coleridge has left on record his own judgment of the tale: '*The Ancient Mariner* can not be imitated, nor the poem *Love*. They may be excelled; they are not imitable.' After some weeks spent in reading Coleridge again, I am inclined to disagree with this dictum; I do not believe *The Ancient Mariner* can be excelled. In its kind it has touched 'the outside verge that rounds our faculty.'

NOTES ON THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The student should read *Biographia Literaria*, Ch. XIV, and the note to Wordsworth's *We Are Seven* in any complete edition of his poems.

The Ancient Mariner was first published in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, of which Wordsworth contributed much the greater part. Hazlitt says he was told by Coleridge that

'The *Lyrical Ballads* were an experiment about to be tried by himself and Wordsworth, to see how far the public taste would endure poetry written in a more natural and simple style than had hitherto been attempted; totally discarding the artifices of poetic diction, and making use only of such words as had probably been common in the most ordinary language since the days of Henry II.'

The immediate cause of *The Ancient Mariner*, according to Wordsworth's account, was a dream of Coleridge's friend, Mr. Cruickshank, about 'a skeleton ship with figures in it.' The greater part of the story was Coleridge's invention, but Wordsworth, who had

been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyages* about the great albatrosses seen near Cape Horn, suggested that the mariner be made to kill 'one of these birds on entering the south sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The suggestion was adopted and the two friends began the poem together. Wordsworth soon found that their respective manners were so different that he could only be a clog on the undertaking. His actual contribution was only a few lines.

Wordsworth's suggestion about killing the albatross was based on a passage in Shelvocke's *Voyages*, already mentioned, in which a captain, imagining that a black albatross which had followed his ship for several days might be the cause of a 'continued series of contrary tempestuous winds' 'after some fruitless attempts, at length shot the *Albatross*, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it.' Two other sources have been suggested. A letter written by Paulinus, a bishop of Nola in the fourth century, to Macarius, Vice-Prefect of Rome, tells of the wonders that befell a corn-ship which was abandoned by its crew, with the exception of one old man, who was forgotten and left behind. A troop of angels man the ship and bring it safe to shore, whence the fishermen flee in terror at its appearance. It is not improbable that Coleridge read this letter. The other possible source is *The Strange and Dangerous Voyage of Captain Thomas James, in his intended discovery of the north-west passage into the South Sea* (1633). It is quite likely Coleridge read the book. But, after all, the suggestion of Wordsworth is enough to serve as basis for the plot. Resemblances in detail to earlier stories may be due to borrowing, but are more likely accidental. At any rate the skill with which the story is told and the atmosphere of terror and mystery in which it is steeped belong to Coleridge alone.

The Latin motto at the head of the poem first appeared in 1817 in the edition of *The Ancient Mariner*

printed in *Sibylline Leaves*. It was retained in later editions. The following translation will show its appropriateness:

'I can well believe that there are in the universe more invisible than visible beings. But who will tell us the race to which all these belong, their ranks and relationships, their distinctive natures and peculiar functions? What do they do? In what regions do they dwell? The mind of man has always yearned for a knowledge of these mysteries, but has never attained it. Yet it is pleasant, I admit, now and then to contemplate in one's mind as in a picture the image of a larger and better world, lest the mind, accustomed to the trifles of everyday life, grow too narrow and sink wholly to petty thoughts. But we must at the same time have regard for truth and keep within bounds, so that we may distinguish certainty from uncertainty, day from night.'

In the 1798 edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, the following 'Argument' was prefixed to the poem: 'How a ship having passed the line was driven by storms to the cold country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical latitude of the great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own country.' This was altered in the edition of 1800 to read: 'How a ship, having first sailed to the Equator, was driven by storms to the cold country towards the South Pole; how the Ancient Mariner cruelly, and in contempt of the laws of hospitality, killed a sea-bird, and how he was followed by many and strange judgments; and in what manner he came back to his own country.'

The argument was omitted from later editions of the poem.

RIME. This is historically more correct than the spelling 'rhyme,' as the word comes from the old English 'rim.' The 'h' is probably due to the influence of 'rhythm,' a word derived from Greek.

PART I

1. ANCIENT MARINER. An old seaman of long ago.

2. THREE. Notice the gain in picturesqueness from using a definite number and also the hint of something mysterious in the use of three, which like seven, nine, and twelve, is a magical number.

3. This quaint oath not only gives the impression of ancient ballad language, but also suggests the appearance of the mariner.

GLITTERING. There may be a suggestion of madness in the glittering eye or more probably of strange hypnotic power. (See line 13 and the accompanying gloss.)

11. LOON. A stupid fellow.

12. EFTSOONS. At once; literally soon after.

21. When a line has two words that rhyme with each other, it is said to have internal rhyme. Notice how often the device is used in this poem.

32. BASSOON. A large, deep-toned instrument made of wood and blown from the side by a metal mouth-piece.

46. WHO. One who.

47. STILL. Always.

50. AYE. Ever.

55. CLIFTS. A variant form of cliffs. The 't' is apparently due to the influence of cleft.

56. SHEEN. Brightness; the gleam of the ice was dulled by the mist and snow.

57. KEN. See, perceive.

62. SWOUND. A later or dialect form of the common Middle English 'swoun,' now 'swoon.' The 'd' does not belong to the word, but has been added in common pronunciation as it was in 'sound,' 'round,' 'bound.' Compare the vulgarisms 'drownd' and 'drownded.'

63. ALBATROSS. A web-footed sea-bird of the petrel family. The Danes call it the 'stormvogel,' i.e., storm-bird. There are about a dozen species of albatross, some of them being the largest known sea-birds, having a stretch of wings of twelve feet or even more 'From

their habit of following ships for days together without resting, albatrosses are regarded with feelings of attachment and superstitious awe by sailors, it being considered unlucky to kill one.' (Cent. Dict.) They are not found in the north Atlantic.

64. THOROUGH. Through, an earlier form of the word.

67. In the earlier editions this line read: 'The mariners gave it biscuit-worms.'

69. THUNDER-FIT. A roar like thunder.

75. SHROUD. One of a set of strong ropes extending from a ship's mastheads to each side of the ship to support the mast.

76. VESPER. Evenings—the original sense of the word. It now usually means 'evening prayers.'

77. WHILES. While. 'Whiles' is obsolete as a conjunction, but is still used in Scotch as an adverb meaning 'at times.'

79-82. Note how Coleridge makes the reader imagine the appearance of the mariner from the effect it produced on the wedding-guest.

PART II

92. 'EM. A contraction, not for 'them,' but for 'hem,' the dative plural in Middle English of 'he.'

97. Notice the explanation in the gloss.

98. UPRIST. Uprose.

97. LIKE GOD'S OWN HEAD. A golden yellow. The quaint comparison is perhaps based on the practice of medieval artists, who painted the head of Jesus against a circle of clear gold.

111-114. The phenomena here described can be seen during any prolonged dry, hot spell in Canada; the sky is brassy, the sun red and seemingly smaller than in clear, cool weather.

123-126. In the prolonged calm a loathsome scum formed on the surface of the water.

127. IN REEL AND RUT. In a confused, whirling company.

128. DEATH-FIRES. Luminous appearances supposed to foretell death.

128-138. GLOSS. One of the invisible inhabitants of this planet. See the passage in Latin quoted at the head of the poem. (Translated p. 117.)

JOSEPHUS. A celebrated Jewish historian of the first century.

PSELLUS. A Byzantine philosopher and author of the 11th century, who wrote 'A dialogue about the work of spirits.'

132. WELL-A-DAY. A corruption of 'wellaway,' an exclamation of surprise or distress, derived from the Old English 'wa la wa' (woe lo woe). It is about equivalent to 'alas.'

PART III

152. I WIST. The Middle English adverb 'iwis,' 'ywis' (truly, verily, certainly), was commonly written in M. E. with the prefix separated, 'i wis'; thus it came to be understood as 'I' with a verb 'wis,' which was thought to be related to 'wit,' meaning know. I wis, therefore, was wrongly understood to mean 'I think,' 'I guess,' as in Macaulay's *Horatius*:

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold.

The adverb was very common in M.E., and gradually lost force until it became an almost meaningless expletive. Coleridge, both in this line and the next, seems to confuse 'I wist,' the past tense of witan, to know with the old adverb 'i wis.' The expression, then, is just a conventional ballad interjection, meaning 'truly,' 'certainly.'

155. WATER-SPRITE. Water-spirit.

156. TACKED AND VEERED. As 'tack' means to alter the course of a vessel by turning her head towards the wind, and 'veer' by turning her head away from it, the meaning is that the ship sailed a very erratic course.

164. GRAMERCY. A common Middle English interjection used to express thankfulness, sometimes ming-

led with surprise, as here. The original meaning is 'great thanks' from the old French 'grant merci,' 'grand merci.'

164. THEY FOR JOY DID GRIN. 'I took the thought of grinning for joy from my companion's remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me, "You grinned like an idiot." He had done the same.' (Coleridge's *Table Talk*, May 31st, 1830.)

166. As. As if.

169-170. The power of moving without wind or tide at once suggests the dreaded Phantom Ship. See Longfellow's *Ballad of Carmilhan* (*Tales of a Wayside Inn*), and for a full account, Marryat's novel, *The Phantom Ship*.

170. WITH UPRIGHT KEEL. On even keel, not lying over from the pressure of the wind.

177. STRAIGHT. At once.

FLECKED. Streaked; the word ordinarily means spotted or stained and its use here implies that the bars were not sharp and clear, but broken in outline.

178. HEAVEN'S MOTHER. A common title for Mary, the mother of Jesus.

184. GOSSAMERES. Films of cobwebs covering the grass or floating in the air in calm weather; very common in the meadows in late summer.

188. DEATH. A skeleton. In the margin of a copy of the Bristol Edition (1798) of *Lyrical Ballads*, a stanza was found in the handwriting of the poet with the lines

The woman and a fleshless man
Therein sat merrily.

193. NIGHT-MARE. An incubus or evil spirit that oppresses people during sleep.

193. AS WHITE AS LEPROSY. One expects some conventional ballad expression like 'white as the driven snow.' This startling comparison to the glistening.

silvery white of the loathsome skin of a leper suggests the woman's evil beauty, horrible as some frightful dream.

198. WHISTLES THRICE. Apparently a signal to the spirits that guide the ship, like the boatswain's whistle to call the crew. Some commentators think there is a reference to the common superstition that it is bad luck to whistle on shipboard; but it is the whistling of tunes that brings bad luck. Of course, there may be a hint of evil in 'thrice.'

203. LOOKED SIDEWAYS UP. The attitude one instinctively assumes when listening intently.

203-211. Notice the rhyme system of this nine-line stanza.

209. CLOMB. The older form of the past tense, now obsolete in prose.

210-212. A manuscript note of Coleridge's on this line reads, 'It is a common superstition among sailors that something dire is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon.' A bright star can sometimes be seen quite close to the new moon; but of course a star could not be within the nether tip. Curiously enough, the design on the red ground of Turkey's national flag is that of the white crescent moon with a star midway between the tips. The phrase 'within the nether tip' is no blunder but a deliberate alteration from the earlier reading, 'almost atween the tips.' In this scene of terror nothing is quite natural. 'The hornéd moon' rises in the east shortly after sunset. Yet, in our experience, the moon is near the full when it rises in early evening.

223. He is tormented with the thought that the death of the crew is due to his crime in shooting the albatross.

PART IV

226-227. Wordsworth wrote these two lines.

232-233. Notice the remarkable series of broad open vowels.

240. ROTTING. Cf. line 123.

245. OR EVER. Before ever.

GUSHT. The word implies that prayer is a spontaneous outpouring of the heart. Cf. line 284.

254. REEK. Originally 'smoke,' then, as here, 'to give off an offensive smell.'

263. Notice the remarkable beauty of the accompanying gloss.

267-268. The white moonshine on the calm water looked like hoar-frost in spring; the appearance of coolness was a mockery in the stifling heat.

274ff. The description here is in strict accord with the well-known phosphorescence of sea-water, especially in the tropics after a long calm. The colours are most vivid when the surface of the water is broken.

284. This is the turning point in the mariner's ghastly tale. He was undergoing penance for a sin due to hardness of heart. When his heart was softened by love the penance had effected its object. *

PART V

297. SILLY. Probably weak, frail, a meaning still common in Scotch, as in Burns' *To a Field Mouse*:

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!

Its silly wa's the winds are strewin'!

The buckets were all falling to pieces from the long drought.

303. DRUNKEN. Now used only as an adjective; the participle is 'drunk.'

312. SERE. Dry, sunburned.

314. SHEEN. An adj., shining, bright. It is commoner in this use than as a noun. Cf. line 56 above.

317. THE WAN STARS. The bright lights in the sky made the stars seem dim. They popped in and out as the streamers of light shook and shifted. 'Far away on the unclouded sky the pale lightning, the heat-lightning of the tropics, played tremulously amongst the low stars in short, faint, mysteriously consecutive flashes, like incomprehensible signals from some distant planet.'—Joseph Conrad, *Freya of the Seven Isles*.

325. WITH NEVER A JAG. Without any sharp points. Apparently it was what is commonly called sheet lightning.

337. 'GAN. Began. The verb gin, past tense gan, is very common in M.E. The apostrophe is due to the mistaken idea that it is a modern contraction for began.

362. JARGONING. Singing; there is no harshness or discord implied.

382. The Polar Spirit had power only up to the equator.

394. I HAVE NOT TO DECLARE. I am not able to tell.

395. LIVING LIFE. Conscious life.

407. HONEY-DEW. A sweet substance found on the leaves of trees and other plants in small drops like dew.

416. The spirit, as a dweller of the upper air, very appropriately describes the ocean as seen from above. The circle of moonlit sea is like a great eye looking up to the moon.

419. GUIDES HIM. In the tides.

GRIM. Rough, stormy.

427. BELATED. Made late, apparently for some appointment.

435. CHARNEL-DUNGEON. A vault or dungeon for the dead.

438. See lines 214-215.

445. HAD ELSE BEEN SEEN. Would have been noticed in different circumstances.

448. Most people at one time or other have had this numbing sense of terror in some lonely and gloomy place.

455. The bright surface of calm water darkens as a little breeze sweeps over it. But this breeze leaves no trace of its ghostly passage.

473. STREWN. Spread.

475. SHADOW. Reflection.

481-486. The mariner sees the lights reflected in the water and turns to see what is casting the reflections.

489. BY THE HOLY ROD. By the holy cross; a common oath in the ballads.

490. A SERAPH-MAN. A man of fire. The word is here used in the literal Hebrew sense of burning. The seraphim were the highest order of angels.

494. SIGNALS. For a pilot.

501. CHEER. Hail.

502. PERFORCE. He could not help looking in the direction from which came the sound of oars.

512. SHRIVE. An older form of shrive, absolve from sin.

MARINERES. In the 1798 edition, this older spelling and pronunciation was used throughout the poem. It is kept here to rhyme with rears.

524. TROW. Think; a common word in Middle English.

535. IVY-TOD. Ivy-bush.

540. A-FEARED. No longer considered standard English, but still common in popular speech.

552-553. In a week or more the body of a drowned person generally rises to the surface because of the formation of gases through putrefaction.

560-569. For this method of describing the appearance of the mariner compare lines 79-81.

574-575. GLOSS. The penance of life. See lines 195-198. The mariner is doomed to live tormented from time to time by fits of bitter remorse that leave him only when he has told his story to some one whom he feels is in danger of the same sin. (See lines 588-590.)

586. Compare the mediaeval story of *The Wandering Jew*.

612-613. The obvious moral of the poem. 'As to the want of a moral, I told her (Mrs. Barbauld) that in my judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have no more moral than the Arabian Night's tale.' Coleridge, *Table Talk*, May 31, 1830.

624. SADDER, GRAVER, MORE SERIOUS. This sense of

the word sad is common in older English. Falstaff, for instance, knows that a 'jest with a sad brow' will do much to humour the Prince. Shak., *2 Hen. IV.*, v. i. 92.

QUESTIONS

1. In what respects do the language and metre of *The Ancient Mariner* resemble the language and metre of the old ballads? In what respects are they different?
2. Does Coleridge anywhere give a direct description of the Ancient Mariner?
3. Is his usual method of suggesting the Mariner's appearance by its effect on those who saw him as good as that of direct description?
4. In what places is the appearance of the Mariner suggested by the effect it produced?
5. Why is the mariner unable to pray until 'a spring of love gush't' from his heart?
6. What is meant by 'unaware' in line 285?
7. What are the numbers used most often in the poem? Why should those numbers be used rather than others like five or six or eight or ten? 3, 5, 9
8. Where is the crisis or turning-point in the Mariner's penance?
9. How many different stanza forms are used in *The Ancient Mariner*?
10. What advantages does the poet gain by using longer stanzas than the regular quatrain?
11. What striking examples can you find of alliteration and of internal rhyme?
12. What passage of three or more consecutive stanzas do you think the best in the poem?
13. Do you think there is any allegory in the story of the Mariner?
14. Can a meaning other than the obvious literal one be taken from lines 597-600?

LIFE OF TENNYSON

Students should read about Tennyson in one or more of the following list:

Article on Tennyson in *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*, in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, or in any of the medium-sized encyclopaedias.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a memoir. 2 vols. By his son Hallam, Lord Tennyson. (The official biography of Tennyson.)

Tennyson and His Friends. By his son Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

Alfred Tennyson. Andrew Lang (Modern English Writers).

Tennyson. G. K. Chesterton and R. Garnett (Bookman Biographies No. 6).

Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life. Stopford Brooke.

The Poetry of Tennyson. H. J. VanDyke.

The Tennysons. *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII, Chap. 2. (A very valuable article.)

Alfred Tennyson was the fourth of twelve children, eight sons and four daughters, of the Rev. George Tennyson, Rector of Somerby, Lincolnshire. He was educated chiefly at home by his father, but spent some time at the Grammar School in the neighboring town of Louth. In 1827 he published with his brother Charles a little volume, *Poems by Two Brothers*. In the autumn of the following year he and Charles entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here his closest friend was Arthur Hallam, son of the historian, a young man who produced on all who knew him an extraordinary impression of greatness.

The young men at Cambridge that made up the group to which Tennyson belonged, and of which he was a kind of leader, were notable for their moral earnestness and ardour for social betterment. Tennyson's college days fell in a period distinguished for political and social reform. The repeal of the Test Act, the granting of Catholic emancipation, the passing of the first Reform Bill, all came at this time. It is to be noted that these great changes were brought about by

political agitation. The revolution was a bloodless one. Tennyson's naturally conservative temper made him look for the attainment of ideal liberty by a progress in which 'Freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent.' He is the one great poet of English literature who sings the praises of moderation and constitutional development.

What is sometimes called the 'lameness' of his verse is the more remarkable when we think of his size and strength, 'a Life Guardsman spoiled by writing poetry,' as Carlyle once described him; a man who could throw a big iron bar clean over a hay-stack to the amazement of a couple of farm-labourers, who assured him that 'there wasn't a man in two parishes who could do the like.' One feels that Tennyson's spirit was fettered by the conventionality of the Victorian period. Had he lived in the age of Elizabeth, or even in our own freer generation, we should find in his poetry a fuller revelation of the almost boisterous spirit which we catch only glimpses of in occasional anecdotes.

At Cambridge Tennyson won the Chancellor's Medal for English verse, and in 1830 published a little volume, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. This was followed by the larger and far more important *Poems* of 1832 (dated 1833). The book was roughly handled by the professional reviewers, who saw all its blemishes but were strangely blind to all that was new and good in it. There was much criticism of the 'double-shotted' adjectives, the too luxuriant imagery, and the occasional inappropriateness of word or phrase. These were real defects, but the merits far outweighed them. A new music had come into English verse. Tennyson was as bold and successful an experimenter in new metres and subtle variations of old ones as even Milton had been in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Further, he quite consciously strove to adapt the metre to the mood expressed in each poem, and it is to be noted that each poem is the expression of a single mood to which metre, language, and landscape are all made to contribute. It

is seldom that the mood changes, at any rate changes decidedly, in a single poem. The songs from *The Princess*, 'Break, break, break,' *Crossing the Bar*, *Ulysses*, are, one and all, monotones. If a lyric be defined as the expression in verse of a single mood, Tennyson is one of the very greatest lyric writers in the English language.

Tennyson took to heart the strictures of his critics and when his next volume appeared in 1842, those who had found fault ten years before had little but praise. The only real attack on it was made by Lord Lytton. Many of the earlier poems reappeared, grown larger in some cases, but in every case pruned and trimmed. For the rest of his long life Tennyson met with as much praise and as little adverse criticism as has often fallen to the lot of a poet.

In the decade, 1832-1842, Tennyson lived with his mother and sisters, moving several times to various places. In 1833 Hallam, who was engaged to marry Tennyson's sister, Emily, died suddenly at Vienna. The death of his friend was a great blow to the young poet, who sought consolation in composing memorial verses, which grew during the next sixteen years into 'In Memoriam.'

From 1842 Tennyson's outward life was quite uneventful. The one calamity that befell him was the loss of all his little store of money in 1844 in a scheme of 'wood-carving by machinery' promoted by a Dr. Allen. In the following year, however, this disaster was more than offset by a pension of £200 a year which was granted him by Sir Robert Peel. *The Princess* came out in 1847. Three years later he considered his position secure enough to marry, so on the 13th of June, 1850, he married Emily Sellwood, to whom he had first become engaged in 1833. The month of his marriage was marked by the publication of *In Memoriam*, which was greeted with popular approval, but less favorably regarded by the critics and theologians. In November of the same year he was made Poet Laureate

in succession to Wordsworth. It is said that Prince Albert's admiration of *In Memoriam* was the immediate cause of Tennyson's selection for the post. The *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* in 1852 was his first semi-official poem as laureate.

1853 he and his wife moved from Twickenham to Farringford in the Isle of Wight, where they were to live for the next forty years. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (1854) and *Maud* (1855) were his next publications. *Maud* was generally misunderstood and disliked, but the *Idylls of the King* (1859) finally established his popularity, indeed his popular supremacy among the Victorian poets. The rest of his life is a record of steady achievement and growing popularity. Plays, ballads, dramatic monologues, idylls, character pieces, dainty lyrics, are all to be found in the great mass of poetry written during the last twenty-five years of his life. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, in 1884, taking his title from his country home at Aldworth, Sussex. On his death in 1892 he was buried in Westminster Abbey in the Poets' Corner near Browning and Chaucer.

Tennyson's life is a record of steady production and painstaking revision. For almost sixty years he wrote, rewrote, and published poems that are surprisingly even as a whole. If little of Tennyson's poetry is of the very highest quality, none of it sinks below the level of good verse. Moreover, even to the end of his life he retained the fire and enthusiasm of youthful inspiration. Who could imagine that *Early Spring* or *Merlin and the Gleam* or *The Throstle* was written by a man who had passed his 75th birthday? The result of this long life of production is a full, rich, varied harvest, in striking contrast with the few golden sheaves of a single wonderful year in the blighted life of Coleridge.

We are still too near Tennyson to be sure of his future position. His present place is admirably defined by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton:

In a country having a composite language such a

ours, it may be affirmed with special emphasis that there are two kinds of poetry; one appealing to the uncultivated masses, the other appealing to the few who are sensitive to the felicitous expression of deep thought and to the true beauties of poetic art.

'Of all poets Shakespeare is the most popular, and yet is his use of what Dante calls the 'sieve for noble words,' his skill transcends that of even Keats.

'Next to Shakespeare in this great power of combining the forces of the two great classes of English poets, appealing both to the commonplace public and to the artistic sense of the few, stands, perhaps, Chaucer; but since Shakespeare's time no one has met with anything like Tennyson's success in effecting a reconciliation between popular and artistic sympathy with poetry in England.'

If this estimate be correct, Tennyson is doubly armed against the future; he will be at once a people's poet like Burns and a poet's poet like Spenser.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

The Lotos-Eaters, one of the poems that made up the volume of 1832, was reprinted ten years later in its present changed and enlarged form. Tennyson got the hint for his poem from the ninth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, lines 88 ff.:

'On the tenth day we set foot on the land of the lotos-eaters, who eat a flowery food . . . and so it was that the lotos-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotos to taste. Now whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotos-eating men, ever feeding on the lotos, and forgetful of the homeward way. Therefore I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound them in the hollow barques.'
(Butcher and Lang's Translation.)

Tennyson, it will be seen, changes the story to suit his purpose. In Homer only three men eat of the plant and they are dragged on board by the masterful Odysseus. In Tennyson's version the whole crew, or a considerable part of it, fall under the spell of the lotos. No leader comes with iron discipline to hale them away weeping that they may smite once more the grey sea water with their oars. Tennyson chose to use the incident as a basis for expressing a mood of dreamy inaction and languorous melancholy. So the mariners, sing of the weariness and hardship of their long struggle with the stormy sea and of the peace and restfulness of the hollow lotos land steeped in an unchanging atmosphere of mild autumn afternoons.

The five stanzas of the introduction are written in the Spenserian stanza. This nine line stanza was first used in English poetry by Edmund Spenser in *The Faerie Queene*, a few stanzas of which are reprinted at the back of this book. The first eight lines of the Spenserian stanza are iambic pentameter, the ninth iambic hexameter, a long line which gives a satisfactory close.

LOTOS. There is some doubt about the identification of the Homeric lotos. It is commonly held to be the *Zizyphus Lotos*, 'a prickly shrub, native in North Africa and Southern Europe, yielding one of the jujube-fruits, a sweet and pleasant-flavoured drupe, about the size of an olive.' (Cent. Dict.) This fruit, however, does not produce the effect ascribed to it by Homer.

1. 'COURAGE!' HE SAID. The speaker is doubtless Odysseus, whom the Romans called Ulysses.

9. Notice how the pauses in the line agree with the sense.

11. SLOW-DROPPING VEILS OF THINNEST LAWN. 'When I was about twenty or twenty-one I went on a tour to the Pyrennes. Lying among these mountains before a waterfall that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words:

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.

When I printed this, a critic informed me that 'lawn' was the material used in theatres to imitate a waterfall, and graciously added, 'Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre but to Nature herself for his suggestions.' And I *had* gone to Nature, herself. *A Memoir*, Vol. I., p. 259.

13. SLUMBROUS SHEET. The adjective expresses the lulling influence of the distant murmur of a waterfall, one of the sleepest sounds in the world.

18. UP-CLOMB. An old form of the verb. Cf. *The Ancient Mariner*, l. 209.

WOVEN. So thickly matted that it seemed woven.

20. DALE. Vale, valley.

21. DOWN. A hill, usually a low, rounded hill in rolling country.

YELLOW. Of course the hills might be yellow with the yellow blossoms of some thick-growing wild flower, provided the sun were still shining on them to reveal the colour. The plant, however, could not be the lotos, whose 'dust' or pollen is indeed yellow (l. 149), but whose flowers are said to be either pink or white. There is another explanation. It is a red sunset (l. 20), whose light flushes to pink the snow-capped peaks (l. 17), but gives a yellow tinge to the green slopes of the hills. Indeed we are told (l. 102) of the

'amber light,'

'Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height.'

Anyone who watches for it can see for himself this phenomenon which Wordsworth, too, has noted in *The Tables Turned*:

The sun, above the mountain's head,

A freshening lustre mellow

Through all the long green fields has spread,

His first sweet evening yellow.

23. GALINGALE. A plant of the sedge family with an aromatic root. The word is originally Chinese and means 'mild ginger.'

34. THIN AS THE VOICES FROM THE GRAVE. It was a common idea among the ancient Greeks that the dead

had only an unsubstantial, shadowy existence. Homer speaks of the souls of the slain suitors 'gibbering like bats' as they go down to Hades. (Odyssey, XXIV 5.)

CHORIC SONG

A choric song is one sung by a group of people. The rhythm and metre may be varied freely to suit the changing moods of the singers. In this choric song only two stanzas have the same number of lines and no two have the same rhyme scheme. It has been suggested by several commentators that there are two groups of singers. At any rate the odd-numbered stanzas give expression to the charm of the lotos land, the even-numbered to the bitterness of toil and the futility of struggle.

I

49. GLEAMING PASS. The pass is evidently a water-way between high granite cliffs. At night the walls are shadowy and the water gleams with dull reflected light.

II

61. THE FIRST OF THINGS. The highest creatures.

63. STILL. Always.

68. THERE IS NO JOY BUT CALM. A typical Greek sentiment. So Browning in *Cleon* makes that philosopher write the king, wishing him

'Wholly where Zeus lives the most
Within the eventual element of calm.'

69. THE ROOF AND CROWN OF THINGS. The last created and most perfect of things.

III

79. DROPS IN A SILENT AUTUMN NIGHT. A piece of accurate and delicate observation by Tennyson. Every country boy will remember the plop, plop, of falling apples in still October evenings.

IV

84. DARK-BLUE SKY. The sky over the Mediterranean is noted for its deep blue colour.

92. THE DREADFUL PAST. The past is dreadful because it takes from us the things we long to keep—youth and strength and beauty.

102. AMBER LIGHT. Soft yellow light.

106. CRISPING RIPPLES. Ripples that curl over at the edge in little breakers.

109. MILD-MINDED MELANCHOLY. Cf. 1.27 and Milton's adjective in *Il Penseroso*, 'divinest Melancholy.' The mood of which the mariners are dreaming is a pensive but not unpleasant one.

113. A striking line. The Greeks usually burned their dead and preserved the ashes in urns.

VI

119. It is nearly 20 years since they left Ithaca to fight at Troy.

121. EAT. Pronounced 'ett'; a form of the past participle not uncommon in Middle English.

132. THE PILOT-STAR. The Greeks were not acquainted with the compass and so had to steer by the sun and the stars when out of sight of land.

VII

133. AMARANTH. An imaginary flower that never faded.

MOLY. A fabled herb with magical virtues. It was given by Hermes to Odysseus to counteract the spells of Circe.

134. LOWLY. Used for the rhyme instead of the usual 'low.' Cf. 1. 147.

142. WOV'N ACANTHUS-WREATH DIVINE. Thick growing foliage of the acanthus, a plant with graceful pendant leaves. It is thought to have suggested the conventional design much used in the ornamentation on the capitals of columns, especially the slender Corinthian column.

VIII

146. **BLOWS.** Blossoms.

149. **SPICY.** Fragrant with pungent odours.

150. Notice the change in metre in keeping with the change in the mood of the singers.

153. **EQUAL MIND.** A calm, fixed resolve. The phrase is a translation from Horace.

154. **HOLLOW.** The lotos land seems to be a valley sweeping up on all sides to high hills. See the opening stanzas of the poem.

155. The Gods dwelt on Mount Olympus. According to the Epicureans, they were unmoved by the woes of men. Tennyson here attributes to the sailors of Odysseus ideas that were not held till long after Homer's time.

156. **NECTAR.** The fabled drink of the Gods, as ambrosia was their food.

BOLTS. The thunderbolts, wielded by Zeus or Jupiter.

160. **FIERY SANDS.** The desert where men perished of thirst.

162-4. The piteous prayers that rise like incense or the smoke of sacrifice, sound pleasantly in the ears of Gods who have grown dull to the pathos of man's lot. They even find an added happiness in their own bliss from its contrast with the misery of mankind. The idea is taken from the Roman poet Lucretius.

167. **DUES.** Returns, rewards for their labour.

169. **ELYSIAN VALLEYS.** Elysium was the name given by the Greeks to the abode of the blest.

170. **ASPHODEL.** Any of several Old World plants of the lily family. It is also sometimes used for the daffodil or narcissus.

QUESTIONS

1. What evidence can you find in the poem that there are two groups of singers in the Choric Song?
2. What do the mariners finally decide to do?

3. What differences are there in metre and rhythm between those stanzas of the Choric Song which praise the land of the lotos and those which complain of toil and suffering?

What are the effects of the lotos on mind and body?

5. Does Tennyson describe nature merely for its own sake or because of a relation between it and his characters?

6. Why does Tennyson change the metre at line 150? What is the effect of the trochaic movement introduced?

7. How does Tennyson's use of the Spenserian stanza compare with Spenser's and Thomson's? (See appendix.)

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

This is one of three poems written in 1833, though not published till 1842, and suggested, according to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, 'by some popular demonstrations connected with the Reform Bill of 1832 and its rejection by the House of Lords.' The two other poems, 'You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,' and 'Love thou thy land,' should be read along with this one. The idea that runs through all three is that Liberty comes only by gradual development and so it is well to make haste slowly in social and political changes. They are poems in praise of moderation, a strange subject for a young man of twenty-three or four. Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley had been fiery revolutionists at the age when Tennyson was praising the golden mean in politics.

1. ON THE HEIGHTS. Beyond man's reach. In the belief of ancient peoples like the Greeks and Romans there was a goddess of liberty, but she dwelt aloof from common men.

5-6. She was content with her place because she foresaw her future triumph.

7-8. Even in those early days men from time to time

heard the call of liberty and learned in some degree to serve her.

12. THE FULLNESS OF HER FACE. What true liberty was like.

13-16. Tennyson here really identifies Freedom with Britannia, pictured as a crowned goddess holding a trident, the symbol of Neptune's rule of the sea.

19. PERPETUAL YOUTH. The poet's wish is that Freedom may always be ready to grow, to take new forms. As he said in *The Passing of Arthur*:

The old order changeth yielding place to new,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

It is only by readiness to learn and change that Freedom can keep dry her eyes from tears.

21. THAT. So that. Notice the syntax 'So that her fair form may stand and shine, (may) make bright, etc.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the 'isle-altar'?
2. In what way is she 'God-like'?
3. 'Of a thousand years.' How much truth is there in this phrase?
4. What is meant by 'the falsehood of extremes'?
5. What other poems of Tennyson have freedom or love of country for their subject? What was his attitude toward the French ideal of liberty?

ULYSSES

Ulysses was first published in 1842. It is based, as Mr. Churton Collins has pointed out, on a passage in Dante's *Inferno*, Canto XXVI:

'Neither fondness for my son, nor piety for my old father, nor the due love which should have made Penelope glad, could overcome within me the ardour which I had to become experienced of the world, and of the vices of men, and of their virtue. But I put forth on the deep, open sea, with one vessel only, and with that little company by which I had not been deserted. I and

my companions were old and slow when we came to that narrow strait where Hercules set up his bounds, to the end that man should not put out beyond. On the right hand I left Seville, on the other I had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand perils have reached the West, to this so brief vigil of your senses which remains wish not to deny the experience, following the sun, of the world that has no people. Consider your origin; ye were not made to live as brutes, but to pursue virtue and knowledge.' With this little speech I made my companions so keen for the voyage that hardly afterwards could I have held them back. And turning our stern to the morning, with our oars we made wings for the mad flight, always gaining on the left hand side.'

In tone and sentiment the poem is the opposite of *The Lotos-Eaters*. 'Ulysses,' my father said, 'was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life, perhaps more simply than anything in *In Memoriam*.' *A Memoir*, Vol. I, p. 196.

2. AMONG THESE BARREN CRAGS. Odysseus speaks of Ithaca as 'a rugged isle, but a good nurse of noble youths.' *Odyssey IX*, 26.

3-5. Notice the contempt Ulysses feels for the humdrum round of petty duties in his little island.

5. KNOW NOT ME. His people know nothing of his dreams and longings.

8. HAVE SUFFERED GREATLY. The usual adjective applied to Odysseus by Homer is 'the much-enduring.'

10. HYADES. A cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus. The time of their rising or setting was supposed to be a rainy period.

11. A NAME. Famous. Compare the common expression 'to make a name for oneself.'

16. WITH MY PEERS. To be taken with 'battle,' not with 'drunk.' Cf. Scott's lines:

That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

17. WINDY TROY. So Homer calls it; and Dr. Schliemann, the excavator of the ruins of ancient Troy, tells of the furious winds that continually came sweeping down on his party from the hills.

18-21. Ulysses has learned from everything he has seen and heard, but, wide as his experience has been, he yet craves new experiences different from those of the past. Tennyson gave fuller expression to the same unsatisfied longing in *The Gleam*, written when he was an old man, like Ulysses in this poem.

27. THAT ETERNAL SILENCE. Of death.

30. AND THIS GRAY SPIRIT YEARNING. An absolute construction equivalent to 'although all the time this gray spirit is yearning.' The punctuation seems to me to prevent taking 'spirit' as object of 'store' and 'hoard.'

35. DISCERNING. Having insight. The grammatical structure is 'discerning to fulfil . . . to make mild . . . (to) subdue.'

39. CENTRED IN THE SPHERE OF. Entirely taken up with, wrapped up in.

40. DECENT. In the literal Latin sense, now archaic, of 'fitted,' 'competent.'

41. OFFICES. Duties.

45. MY MARINERS. In Homer's account the hero alone reaches home; all his comrades are lost.

47. FROLIC. Joyous. The word is now used as a noun, for which 'frolicsome' is the adjective.

50. HIS. Its; 'age' is not necessarily personified here. Tennyson is probably using the older possessive, which was the same in masculine and neuter. 'Its' began to be used about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign.

53. The ultimate cause of the Trojan War was a quarrel among the Gods, who later took sides with the Greeks and Trojans, sometimes actually joining in the battles. Ares, or Mars, for instance, in one struggle was wounded by the Greek hero, Diomedes.

55. Notice the effect of the two caesural pauses in this line.

58. SITTING . . . FURROWS. The Greeks rowed their galleys in calm weather and when going against the wind. The line is almost a translation of a line that recurs frequently in the *Odyssey*.

60-61. THE BATHS OF ALL THE WESTERN STARS. The western horizon where the sun and stars seem to sink beneath the water.

62. THE GULFS. The abyss at the western limit of the Ocean Stream.

63. THE HAPPY ISLES. This is the Roman name, 'Insulae Fortunatae'; the 'Islands of the Blest.'

64. ACHILLES. The greatest warrior in the Greek host besieging Troy.

68. ONE EQUAL TEMPER OF HEROIC HEARTS. He and his men have all been wrought and hardened by their long struggles to the strength of finely tempered steel.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the metre of this poem? Scan ten lines, noting particularly the position of the caesural pause and variations in metrical pattern.

2. Is the poem a soliloquy or an address, or partly one and partly the other?

3. In what circumstances is it spoken?

4. Carlyle said that it was *Ulysses* which first convinced him that Tennyson was a true poet. What do you find in *Ulysses* to make you think Tennyson a true poet?

5. Lines 19-21. 'Homer would certainly have said of them, "It is to consider too curiously to consider so."' Do you agree with this criticism of lines 19-21? Is the metaphor clear and appropriate?

6. Do you prefer *Ulysses* or *The Lotos-Eaters*? Why? Which of the two poems do you think more characteristic of Tennyson's work as a whole?

7. In what way does *Ulysses* typify the spirit of Tennyson's own time?

8. Read *The Gleam*. What idea is common to this

poem and *Ulysses*? Which poem has more of the romantic element?

LOCKSLEY HALL

Locksley Hall was first published in 1842, and at once became popular. It was long regarded as one of the most successful of Tennyson's poems. In 1886 Tennyson wrote a sequel, *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, which may be taken to represent the poet's later conservatism as the earlier poem does the liberalism or even mild radicalism of his youth. It is interesting to note that Tennyson never had the extreme radical tendencies or revolutionary sympathies of Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, or even Browning.

"Locksley Hall is an imaginary place (tho' the coast is Lincolnshire) and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings. Mr. Hallam said to me that English people liked verses in Trochaics, so I wrote the poem in this metre." (*A Memoir*, Vol. I, p. 195.)

Trochaics are not nearly so common in English poetry as iambs, and so have the attraction of novelty. Further, a trochaic metre is more rapid and sprightly than an iambic. Tennyson's *Lord of Burleigh*, for instance, seems to hurry along as compared with *The Lady of Shalott*, though both poems are written in lines of eight syllables. In *Locksley Hall*, however, the unusual length of the line detracts somewhat from the effect of rapidity that is commonly given by a trochaic metre. The fact that the last foot of each line lacks an unaccented syllable also tends to retard the movement. Indeed certain couplets read as if they were quatrains, with the first and third lines trochaic and the second and fourth iambic. One only needs to arrange a couplet in which the strong caesural pauses come at the middle of the lines to see this:

Cursed be the sickly forms
That err from honest Nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds
The straiten'd forehead of the fool.

It is mere justice, however, to add that Tennyson nearly always has the caesural pause follow an unaccented syllable, with the result that the latter part of the line also has a trochaic movement.

1-2. The speaker is apparently a soldier.

3. CURLEWS. The curlew is a bird of the snipe family with a long, slender curved bill.

4. DREARY GLEAMS. This is not in apposition with 'curlews,' as it might very well be, but according to Tennyson's own explanation is in the nominative absolute with 'flying.'

8. ORION. A brilliant constellation on the equator, figured as a hunter with belt and sword. It is pronounced like the Irish surname O'Ryan.

9. PLEIADS. More common in the form Pleiades. A cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus.

11-12. His youth was glorified through falling in an age when the discoveries of scientists about the structure and history of the universe were wonderful as fairy tales. 'The long result of time' is the gathered treasure of the world's knowledge.

14. CLOSED. Enclosed.

31-34. It is said that Tennyson preferred this passage of four lines to any other he had written. 'The glass of Time' is the hour glass.

35. THE COPSES RING. Probably with the song of birds.

41. FATHOMS. Gets to the bottom of; that is, understands.

42. PUPPET. A doll figure that is made to go through motions by a showman or actor; a mere tool.

49. SPENT ITS NOVEL FORCE. Lost the charm of freshness.

59. Amy is forced by her parents to marry a wealthy man, though she loved her young cousin. Here he rails against the conventions of society and the worship of gold.

67-68. In poetry, youth is often measured by summers and age by winters.

69. IN DIVISION. In separating the good from the bad and remembering only the former.

74. LOVE IS LOVE FOR EVERMORE. A common thought with the poets. Compare Shakespeare's sonnet number cxvi.: 'Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks.'

75. THE POET. Dante, *Inferno*, Canto V, 11.121-2. 'There is no greater woe than the remembering in misery the happy time.'

83-86. She will be haunted by the memory of the man she loved.

94. PREACHING DOWN A DAUGHTER'S HEART. Arguing against her daughter's feelings.

98-102. He feels that he must get something to do which will keep him busy and so prevent him growing bitter and despondent. But the difficulty is to find an occupation, for the professions are crowded and a new-comer needs money to succeed in them.

107-108. He wonders if there is nothing better than merely to live the rest of his life in sorrow. He resolves to forget the disappointment in love, 'that earlier page,' and to seek again in the scientific progress and political struggles of his own time relief from his emotions.

121-126. A remarkable vision of the future development of air ships and aeroplanes.

127-128. Another vision that is still to be fulfilled.

132. PALSIED HEART. Deadened feelings.

132. JAUNDICED EYE. An eye that sees nothing as it really is, but makes everything seem false or disfigured.

135-136. A vivid metaphor to describe the struggle between the mass of the people and the privileged classes. The reader must recall that the poem was written at a time when the Franchise had been only recently extended by the Reform Bill of 1832.

132. ONE INCREASING PURPOSE. A purpose that gathers force and grows clearer from age to age.

138. THE PROCESS OF THE SUNS. The passing or lapse of time.

141. WISDOM IS THE POWER TO USE KNOWLEDGE. See the well-known stanzas on knowledge and wisdom, *In Memoriam*, cxiv.

146. WERE. Would be, if they knew of it.

148-152. These lines are dramatic, that is, they express the opinion of the character who speaks them, not the opinion of the poet. Tennyson's opinion of woman is to be found rather in *The Princess*:

For woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse. (ll. 259-60)

155. MAHRATTA-BATTLE. Battle with the Mahrattas, a race of some 20,000,000 Hindus inhabiting Central and Western India. The British had three wars with them, 1775-82, 1803, 1816-18.

155. EVIL-STARR'D. Born to misfortune; a reference to the old belief that the position of the stars at a man's birth determined his fortune.

165. 'Than' is to be taken with each of the three phrases in line 166, as well as with the one that immediately follows it.

178. FILES. Ranks; a military term.

180. STAND AT GAZE. Stand still, make no progress. For 'Joshua's moon,' see *Joshua*, x. 12-14.

182. 'When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line.' (*A Memoir*, Vol. I, 195.)

184. CATHAY. China.

187. CRESCENT. Growing or increasing; the metaphor is that of the new moon growing larger.

190. FOR ME. So far as I am concerned.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the metre of this poem? What is its general effect?
2. In what circumstances is the poem supposed to be spoken?
3. What evidence is there to show the profession of the speaker?
4. What can be learned from the poem of the past life and education of the speaker?
5. What descriptive passage in this poem recurs in substance, but with fuller detail, in *Enoch Arden*?
6. Read *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. How far did the vision of the speaker in *Locksley Hall* come true?

 AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

This song and the six that follow it in the text are all taken from *The Princess*. Only one of them, however, '*Tears, idle tears*,' appeared in the first edition of the poem in 1847. The other six were added three years later in the third edition. They were inserted between each two cantos of the seven that compose *The Princess*. '*Tears, idle tears*' is not an interlude song. It comes near the beginning of the fourth canto and is sung by one of her maidens at the request of Princess Ida.

The Princess, with the subtitle, *A Medley*, is a romance in which Tennyson gives his ideas on the higher education of women and their proper function in society. The poem, half serious, half earnest, is told in seven cantos by seven young men, each of whom in turn takes up the thread of the story where it is dropped by his predecessor. The telling is a kind of game to while away a summer's afternoon for a party of young people at an English country house. In the Prologue the poet tells us:

'We will say whatever comes
And let the ladies sing us, if they will,

From time to time, some ballad or a song
To give us breathing-space.'

As Tennyson's son points out, these songs 'help to express more clearly the meaning of "the medley."'

It is highly desirable that the student should read the whole poem, if only to understand the songs more fully.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

This song was written in reminiscence of a visit to the Killarney Lakes and did much to increase their popularity as a resort for tourists. 'When my father was last there a boatman said to him, "So you're the gentleman that brought the money to the place."' (*A Memoir*, Vol. I, p. 253, footnote.)

1. THE SPLENDOUR. Of the sunset glow.

9. SCAR. An isolated or protruding rock; a steep, rocky eminence. (Webster.)

10. THE HORNS OF ELFLAND. The repeated echoes grow fainter and fainter; to the fancy they seem far-off fairy bugles.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN

'He said that "The passion of the past, the abiding in the transient, was expressed in *Tears, Idle Tears*, which was written in the yellowing autumn-tide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories. Few know that it is a blank verse lyric."' (*A Memoir*, Vol. I, p. 253.) Notice, however, that the poem is not, strictly speaking, in blank verse. There are four sentences, each five lines long, and the fifth line of each sentence ends with the clause 'that are no more.' This device has the effect of a refrain and really divides the poem into four stanzas. Unrhymed lyrics are not now so rare in English as they were when this one was written.

1. IDLE. Useless, vain.

2. SOME DIVINE DESPAIR. "Tears, idle tears" . . . was not real woe, as some people might suppose; it was rather the yearning that young people occasionally experience for that which seems to have passed away from them for ever." (*A Memoir*, Vol. II, p. 73.) Some hopeless yearning that comes from our perception of what would be possible if all things were perfect. This mood of vague dejection is one that the fall of the year is likely to induce with its myriad reminders of youth and summer past. Compare Browning's *Cleon*:

And so a man can use but a man's joy
While he sees God's.

7. FROM THE UNDERWORLD. From below the horizon.

14. The window gradually takes clearer outline as the light grows stronger.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

4. Compare Malcolm's words to Macduff in *Macbeth* (Act. IV, Sc. iii, 11.208-210.)

'What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.'

16. SWEET MY CHILD. My sweet child—an inversion that is common in Elizabethan English. Compare Shakespeare's common phrases, 'good my lord,' 'dear my lord.'

ASK ME NO MORE: THE MOON MAY DRAW THE SEA

This song foreshadows the ending of the story in Canto VII., where the Princess abandons her great scheme for bettering her sex and yields to her love for the Prince.

An unusual proportion of the words in this song

are monosyllables. Compare it in this respect with the other songs.

11. ARE SEAL'D. Determined by fate.

12. THE STREAM. The current of normal life.

13. Let me submit to the common destiny. The Princess feels that she has tried to change the fundamental laws of life and has been swept along with them in their resistless course.

QUESTIONS

1. The only song in *The Princess* approved by Fitzgerald was "Blow, Bugle, Blow." Do you agree with Fitzgerald's judgment that it is the best of the songs?

2. Which of the songs has the simplest metre and rhyme scheme? Which has the most intricate?

3. What is the effect of the internal rhymes in '*The splendour falls on castle walls*'?

4. What is meant by 11. 15-16 in '*The splendour falls on castle walls*'?

5. Which of the songs is most obviously related to the story of *The Princess*?

6. Do you think '*Tears, Idle Tears*,' would be more or less effective if it were in rhyme?

7. What appropriateness is there in the respective actions of the maiden and the nurse in '*Home they brought her warrior dead*'?

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

The ode was published on the day of the Duke's funeral, November 18, 1852. It was later revised, but not greatly changed. The form in the text is that of the last edition corrected by the poet.

The Duke of Wellington died on September 14th at Walmer Castle, his official residence as Warden of the Cinque Ports. The public funeral was in London, the *cortège* passing along crowded streets from Chelsea

Hospital to St. Paul's Cathedral, three miles away. Over a million people are said to have watched the magnificent spectacle. The impressive funeral service in the cathedral was attended by the surviving comrades-in-arms of the dead leader, by all the chief dignitaries of church and state, and by many representatives of foreign countries.

The Century Dictionary defines an ode as 'a lyric poem expressive of exalted or enthusiastic emotion, especially one of complex or irregular metrical form.' The writing of odes is usually considered the severest test of a poet's metrical skill.

1. For the last ten years of his life the Duke of Wellington had been commonly spoken of simply as 'the Duke.'

7. HAMLET AND HALL. Homes of both poor and rich, of humble and great.

9. St. Paul's is in London's busiest district.

18. Carlyle, too, spoke of the Duke as 'the *last* perfectly honest and perfectly brave public man' in England.

23. STATE-ORACLE. Wise counsellor of the country. Wellington had been a member of the cabinet in 1818, Prime Minister 1828-1830, foreign secretary 1834-35, and a member of the cabinet 1841-46. 'The trust which the nation had in him as a counsellor was absolutely unlimited. It never entered into the mind of any one to suppose that the Duke of Wellington was actuated in any step he took, or advice he gave, by any feeling but a desire for the good of the State.' (McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, chap. xxiii.)

36. THEIR OMENS. Their forecasts of what was likely to happen. People believed in the Duke's judgment.

37. OCCASION. Opportunity. The Duke was ready to act at every real opportunity for action.

42. WORLD-VICTOR'S VICTOR. Conqueror of Napoleon I.

46. The great bell of St. Paul's was tolled for the

Duke. It is usually tolled only for members of the Royal Family, for the Lord Mayor, the Bishop, or the Dean of the Cathedral.

49. CROSS OF GOLD. The gilded cross above the dome of St. Paul's.

52. THE WISE AND THE BOLD. Many of England's great men are buried in St. Paul's.

55. THE TOWERING CAR. The funeral car was made from guns captured in Wellington's battles. It is still preserved in the cathedral.

56. BLAZONED DEEDS. The names of his victories were inscribed on the car in letters of gold.

59. KNOLL'D. This word is archaic.

64. IN MANY A CLIME. Wellington had fought in India as well as in several countries of Europe.

73. IN DISPRAISE. For a time Wellington was very unpopular because of his opposition to the Reform Bill.

75. CIVIC MUSE. The spirit of national poetry. Tennyson prays that the Duke's fame may always be kept before his countrymen by songs that echo from age to age.

80. Notice the change in the movement of the verse in keeping with the abrupt change in the thought.

84. MIGHTY SEAMAN. Lord Nelson. The Duke of Wellington was buried beside Nelson in St. Paul's. The spirit of the great admiral is supposed to ask the question immediately preceding this line, and the poet answers his query with praise of the Duke.

99. ASSAYE. A village of Hyderabad in southern India where, in September, 1803, Wellington, then Major-General Wellesley, with a force of only 4,500, defeated a Mahratta army of 50,000 men and 100 cannon.

103-105. LISBON, the capital of Portugal, is on a peninsula on the north bank of the Tagus. Wellington built three lines of defence, stretching from the sea to the river, the outermost nearly 30 miles long and about 40 miles north-west of the city. It was these defences

that enabled Wellington to hold off the French under Massena in 1810.

112. The battle of Vittoria in the summer of 1813 forced the French to retreat across the Pyrennes.

119-121. The metaphor is that of a bird of prey circling above his intended victims. Napoleon escaped from the island of Melba in March, 1815, and again threatened Europe.

119. RAVENING. Greedy for plunder.

EAGLE. Napoleon adopted the Roman eagle as a design on his battle flags. It was stamped or embroidered on the white stripe in the French tricolour.

121. BARKING. The cry of the eagle is called a bark.

123. LOUD SABBATH. Sunday, June 18, 1815, the day of the battle of Waterloo.

125. ROCKY SQUARE. The famous infantry formation known as the British square. The French cavalry were unable to break a single square and wore themselves out in desperate onsets.

127. THE PRUSSIAN TRUMPET. The arrival of Prussian reinforcements at 7 o'clock decided the battle. The sun came out for a few minutes and British and Prussians charged together.

136. SILVER-COASTED. Probably a reference to the white chalk-cliffs of the southern coast of England.

137. SHAKER Victor. The great victories of the Nile in 1798 and the Baltic in 1801 certainly shook the power of Napoleon.

145. A people's voice praising a national hero is at once proof of his fame and at the same time just an echo or expression of it.

151-153. The years just before the death of Wellington were marked by many revolutions in different countries in Europe. In 1848 and 1849 there were attempts to overthrow the established governments in France, Austria, Italy, Hungary, Spain, and Poland. In 1851 Napoleon III. overthrew the republic and had himself made Emperor of France. In most cases the revolu-

tions had only strengthened autocratic governments.

156. **A VOICE.** Through our elected representatives.

160-161. **THE EYE, THE SOUL OF EUROPE.** The intellectual and moral leader of Europe.

162. **THE ONE TRUE SEED OF FREEDOM.** Tennyson believed that the ideal of true liberty was best realized in a limited monarchy.

170. **WINK.** Close your eyes to the dangers that threaten.

172. Wellington in 1848 had urged the government to strengthen the fortifications of various seaports and to increase the standing army.

175. **WHATEVER TEMPESTS LOUR.** There was grave fear of war between France and England in 1852.

183-184. Wellington used many short, pithy sayings that embodied his own experience of life.

196. **STARS.** Decorations; medals and other insignia of the various orders conferred on him by Britain and other countries.

197. **HORN.** The horn of plenty. The commons had voted Wellington £500,000 to support his position as a duke.

202. A line that recalls Gray's famous line:

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

204-208. The sense of doing one's duty brings more real joy than can be got from selfish striving after pleasure.

215. **THE TOPPLING CRAGS OF DUTY.** The comparison of a life of duty or virtue to a hard uphill journey is a very old and common one.

217. Probably a reference to Revelation xxi, 23:

'And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it.'

236. **PAIN.** Mourning, regret.

248. **BRAWLING MEMORIES.** Memories of brawling. The reference is probably to the bitter debates over

Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill. See the note on line 73.

FREE. Bold, lacking proper restraint.

259. THE GIANT AGES. The great periods by which geologists measure the history of the earth.

267. THE DEAD MARCH. A funeral march from Handel's oratorio, *Saul*.

QUESTIONS

1. What differences in metre and rhyme scheme are there among the different sections of the poem?
2. Which section do you consider most effective?
3. What impression would you get of Wellington if this poem were your only source of information?
4. How closely does Tennyson's characterization of the Duke correspond with the facts of recorded history?
5. Read *The Third of February, 1852; Riflemen Form; Politics; 'You ask me why, tho' ill at ease'; 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights,' and 'Love thou my land.'* From these poems and ll. 151-170 of this Ode, how would you summarize Tennyson's political views?
6. What is the meaning of ll. 206-208?
7. Read one or more of the following odes: Wordsworth's *On the Intimations of Immortality*; Coleridge's *Ode to Dejection*; Shelley's *Ode to Liberty*, and *Ode to the West Wind*; Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale* and *Ode on a Grecian Urn*; Dryden's *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music*. What qualities are common to the ode or odes you read and Tennyson's ode? What striking differences are there? Which ode seems the best to you?
8. In which kind of poetry does Tennyson seem to you to succeed best, the ode, the short lyric, or the long narrative and descriptive poem?
9. What dramatic device does Tennyson use to introduce his sketch of the Duke's career?

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

On December 2nd he wrote 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' in a few minutes, after reading the description in the *Times* in which occurred the phrase 'some one had blundered,' and this was the origin of the metre of the poem. (*A Memoir*, Vol. I., p. 381.)

The incident celebrated in this poem occurred on the 25th of October, 1854, at Balaklava, a village in the Crimea east of Sevastopol, which the French and English were then besieging. The charge was made down a valley over a mile long. At the end of the valley there were twelve guns and a force of Russian cavalry, on the ridges on each side twenty-two guns in all, as well as cavalry and infantry. The brigade lost 497 horses and 247 men out of 673 who took part in the charge, which lasted only twenty minutes. The charge was a military blunder, but it was also conclusive proof of the courage and discipline of the British soldier. Perhaps its moral effect atoned for its folly. The opinion of the expert soldier found expression in the celebrated comment of the French general Bosquet, '*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*'

Tennyson's poem at once became popular. A chaplain in the Crimea wrote home to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel: 'The *greatest service you can do* just now is to send out on printed slips Mr. A. T.'s 'Charge at Balaklava.' It is the greatest favourite of the soldiers—half are singing it, and all want to have it in black and white, so as to read what has so taken them.'

27. **SABRES.** A sabre is a sword with a curved blade. It is the typical cavalry weapon.

34. **COSSACK.** The Cossacks are a warlike people of Russia who furnish most of the Russian cavalry. 'Cossack and Russian,' therefore, means horsemen and footmen.

QUESTIONS

1. Which seems to you the greater patriotic poem, Tennyson's *The Charge of the Light Brigade* or Burns' *Scots Wha Hae*? In what respects is the one superior to the other?

2. What variations are there in the rhyme scheme of the different stanzas?

3. '*The Charge of the Light Brigade* is not a paean of praise but a dirge for the fallen.' Do you agree with this statement?

 ENOCH ARDEN

Enoch Arden was published in 1864 in a volume to which it gave the title, though that volume contained *Aylmer's Field*, *The Grandmother*, *Sea Dreams*, *The Northern Farmer*, *Tithonus*, *The Sailor Boy*, *The Flower*, *The Welcome to Alexandra*, and the *Dedication*. Hallam Tennyson notes that 'this volume . . . is, perhaps with the exception of 'In Memoriam,' the most popular of his works.' Tennyson had called it 'Idylls of the Hearth' in the proof-sheets of the book, but gave up this descriptive title for the name of the longest poem. He seems to have been specially fond of his 'Old Fisherman,' as he called Enoch. 'It took him only about a fortnight to write 'Enoch Arden,' within a little summer-house in the meadow called Maiden's Croft, looking over Freshwater Bay and toward the downs. In this meadow he paced up and down, making his lines; and then wrote them in his MS book on the table of the summer-house, which he himself had designed and painted.' (*A Memoir*, Vol. II, p. 7.) Tennyson's MS notes say: 'Enoch Arden' (like 'Aylmer's Field') is founded on a theme given me by the sculptor Woolner. I believe that this particular story came out of Suffolk, but something like the same story is told in Brittany and elsewhere.' (*A Memoir*, Vol. II, p. 7.)

Sixty thousand copies of *Enoch Arden* were quickly

sold and the poem was translated into most of the languages of Europe. In German, for instance, there were twelve different translations by 1893. Indeed *Enoch Arden* is said to have been the most popular of all Tennyson's poems in Germany. Its remarkable popularity was due in no small part to its pathos. Ever since Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop* in 1840, with its moving picture of Little Nell, there had been a growing taste for the pathetic, a taste that found pleasure even in such a harrowing tale as Mrs. Wood's *East Lynne*, published in 1861, a year before Tennyson wrote *Enoch Arden*.

It belongs to a class known as idylls, which are generally descriptive poems giving pictures of simple country life, sometimes with a considerable amount of dialogue. Tennyson's '*English Idylls*' include some of his best known poems, *The Brook*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Miller's Daughter*, and *Dora*.

1-9. Notice how the details of this description are skilfully arranged, beginning with the foreground of the little port and rising through the middle distance of the long street and tall mill to the high background of the gray down and hazelwood.

7. DANISH BARROWS. A barrow is an earth-mound to mark a burial place. The Danish invaders of England buried their dead in barrows.

16. LUMBER. Things, more or less bulky and cumbersome, thrown aside as of no present use or value. (Century Dict.)

17. SWARTHY. Brown from the action of the seawater.

18. FLUKE. The wing or hook of an anchor by which it catches in the ground.

21. FLYING. Running away from.

26. STILL. Always.

36. Notice this unconscious prophecy.

54. FULL SAILOR. An able seaman, which is the regular phrase to describe the sailor who is recognized

as fully trained. The abbreviation 'A.B.' for 'able-bodied seaman' is very common.

60. Compare line 5. See also lines 47 and 58. There is a considerable number of such repetitions throughout the poem.

67. PRONE EDGE. The edge where the wood dipped sharply. 'Prone' usually means face downward, bending forward.

68. FEATHER. Grow thin and ragged.

75. LIFE. Creature, living thing.

80. Notice the light, rapid movement of the line.

94. OCEAN-SMELLING OSIER. An elegant periphrasis for 'fisherman's wicker basket.' Notice lines 37-39 for another example of the same thing.

99. PEACOCK-YEW TREE. It was the fashion in the 18th century landscape gardening to clip and trim shrubs and small trees into geometrical designs and the semblance of birds and animals. The peacock was a favourite form.

123. BOATSWAIN. A subordinate officer of a ship who has charge of the rigging, anchors, cable, and cordage.

130-131. A little cloud cuts off the direct rays of the sun and darkens the path of light along the sea, but away to seaward beyond the shadow of the cloud there is a patch of bright light on the water.

167. BORE IT THRO'. Had his way, carried his point.

186. THAT MYSTERY. Of communing with God in prayer.

212-213. Notice the foreboding of evil.

221-226. These lines are echoes of well-known passages in the Bible. See Psalms 139 and 95.

250. Notice the accent, compensating.

254. STILL. Always.

266-267. Another periphrasis. She was too poor to pay for the advice of a doctor.

329. GARTH. Yard or garden. All three words come from the same Old English word 'geard.'

340. CONIES. Rabbits.

343. WHISTLED. The reference, of course, is not to a steam whistle, but probably to the noise made by the windmill that supplied the power for grinding.

373-4. Notice how the repetition of these lines from 67-68 calls the reader's memory back to the earlier scene.

379. WHITENING. Showing the lighter underside of their leaves as they were bent and shaken.

381. RELUCTANT. The word is used in its literal Latin sense of 'resisting,' 'struggling against.'

491. GONE. Dead.

494. STRUCK HERSELF A LIGHT. By striking sparks from a flint. It was before the days of lucifer matches.

496-7. To open a book at random and put the finger on a certain spot was a favorite method of forecasting the future in the Middle Ag. The Bible and the poems of Virgil were the books commonly used.

498. UNDER A PALMTREE. The passage is probably that in Judges iv, 5: 'And she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah.'

500-506. Her dream misleads her into thinking Enoch dead, as she does not think of real palmtrees in the tropics. See Mark xi, 8-10; John xii, 12 and 13, for the references.

511. Compare line 80.

527. AND WHERE WAS ENOCH? Notice this method of telling a story. One set of characters is described and all their fortunes told while the fate of another character or set of characters is left doubtful or unknown. Then the second group is made the subject of the story.

532. THE CAPE. Of Good Hope.

535. Another periphrasis. The steady trade winds blew.

539. QUAIN'T MONSTERS. Odd, grotesque images, probably Chinese, judging from the 'gilded dragon' of line 540.

543. FIGURE-HEAD. The carved figure, often of a woman, that decorated the prows of old sailing ships.

567. STEM. Tree trunk.

568. FIRE-HOLLOWING. Burning out the centre, as Indians did, because they had no tools to work with.

572. LAWNS. Open grassy spaces in the woods. A glade is a long narrow opening in a wood.

575. CONVULVULUSES. The bind weed or morning glory.

579. THE BROAD BELT OF THE WORLD. The tropics.

586. ZENITH. The point in the heavens directly overhead. The trees seem to touch the sky.

594-596. Notice how the repetition brings out the weariness of the marooned sailor.

597. GLOBED THEMSELVES. Seemed each to have a halo of light around it. Many writers speak of the brightness and apparent largeness of the stars seen in the tropics.

598. HOLLOWER-BELLOWING. Sounding deeper and louder in the stillness of the night.

609-612. Notice the accuracy and delicacy of this description, where the poet suggests the whole scene by choosing significant details. The description of the tropic island, 11.572-598, has been lavishly praised by a host of commentators. Bagehot (*Literary Studies*, Vol. II.), for instance, says that it is an 'absolute model of adorned art. No expressive circumstances can be added, no enhancing detail suggested.' In a way this is true, but it is also true that the description is laboured and artificial. Tennyson never saw the tropics and his brilliant lines are based only on what he read and imagined. No one, on the other hand, could have written

'The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden colour'd seas'

without knowing and loving some bit of the English sea-coast. The student would do well to read some of the wonderful descriptions of the tropics in the novels of Joseph Conrad.

613-616. Mr. Kinglake [the English traveller and historian] told me that he had heard his own parish

bells in the desert on a Sunday morning when they would have been ringing at home; and added, 'I might have had a singing in my ears and the imaginative memory did the rest.' (*A Memoir*, Vol. II, p. 8.)

640. The partial loss of power of speech commonly befalls men left alone for years. It has been noted, for instance, in prisoners who have spent a long time in solitary confinement.

642. SWEET WATER. Fresh water, not bitter like that of the sea.

661. GHOSTLY WALL. The white chalk cliffs dimly seen through the morning mist.

670. EITHER CHASM. Each chasm or narrow inlet of the sea. Tennyson regularly uses 'either' for 'each.' Compare *The Lady of Shalott*:

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye.

672-681. These lines are a good example of Tennyson's use of nature to reflect the moods of men, or to foreshadow their fate. Compare the landscape and the mist that shrouded it in the last great battle of King Arthur, described in *The Passing of Arthur*.

675. HOLT. Copse or wooded hill.

TILTH. Tilled ground.

690. POOL. *The English Dialect Dictionary* says that pool is sometimes used of 'a small creek which affords a landing-place for boats.' It is also used of 'a pool in an estuary where small vessels may lie for cargo.' The latter is probably the meaning here.

692. TIMBER-CROST ANTIQUITY. An old 'half timbered' house, a favorite type in Elizabeth's time. The beams cross one another and project from the brickwork or plaster that fills up the spaces between the intersections.

737. SHINGLE. Gravel of the beach.

793. TRANCED. In a faint or swoon.

807. ENOW. An old or dialect form of 'enough.'

813. COOPER. One who makes casks or barrels.

838. THE BOOK. The Bible.

866-868. Notice the perfectly natural desire of the old woman to be the first to tell such a wonderful story.

869. **BOUNDEN.** An old form of the past participle.

900. **A TOKEN.** A proof that his story is true.

903. Notice the rapid movement of the line.

904. Enoch is afraid she will tell his story just because she assures him so often and so vehemently that she won't.

910. **A CALLING.** Tennyson's own note is: 'The calling of the sea is a term used, I believe, chiefly in the Western parts of England to signify a ground swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the echo of it rings thro' the timbers of the old houses in a haven.' (*A Memoir*, Vol. II, 8.)

917. One critic has said that all the smug hypocrisy of Mid-Victorianism is concentrated in this line. The fact that poor Enoch was given a costly funeral does not make amends for the bitterness of his fate.

QUESTIONS

1. How many instances of unconscious or conscious prophecy (e.g. line 36) can you find in the poem? What is the effect of these on the reader?
2. What words that show Tennyson's eye for colour can you find in the poem? What instances are there of words expressive of appeal to the senses of smell and hearing?
3. What expressions peculiar to seamen does Enoch use?
4. Do any of the characters use language not suited to their knowledge and experience of life? In other words, has Tennyson succeeded in the dramatist's task of making his characters use appropriate language?
5. Is there a marked difference between the language of the dialogue and of the descriptions and narrative?
6. What instances are there of elegant periphrasis? What is the effect of this use of fine phrases to describe simple, homely things?

7. Which character in the story seems to you most realistic?

8. If the last two lines were omitted, would the poem gain or lose?

9. Make list of the repetitions of lines or phrases in the poem. What is the effect of these repetitions?

10. Read Wordsworth's *Michael*. Which of the two stories seems to you the more pitiable and tragic? Which story is the more painful? Which leaves you more impressed with the sadness of man's lot and the grandeur of his nature? Which has the more realistic characters? Which has the more direct and simple language?

POEMS FOR SIGHT READING

BABY LON

OR

THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE

I

There were three ladies lived in a bower,
Eh, vow, bonnie!
And they went out to pull a flower
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

II

They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane, 5
When up started to them a banisht man.

III

He's ta'en the first sister by her hand,
And he'd turn'd her round and made her stand.

IV

'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?' 10

V

'It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'

VI

He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
To bear the red rose company.

VII

He's ta'en the second ane by the hand, 15
And he's turn'd her round and made her stand.

VIII

'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'

9. rank] violent. 13. may] maid.

IX

'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.' 20

X

He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.

XI

He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
And he's turn'd her round and made her stand.

XII

Says, 'Will ye be a rank robber's wife, 25
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'

XIII

'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.'

XIV

'For I hae a brother in this wood,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee.' 30

XV

'What's thy brother's name? come tell to me.'
'My brother's name is Baby Lon.'

XVI

'O sister, sister, what have I done!
O have I done this ill to thee!

XVII

'O since I've done this evil deed, 35
God sall never be seen o' me.'

XVIII

He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
Eh, vow, bonnie!
And he's twyn'd himself o' his ain sweet life
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

36. o'me] by me. 39. twyn'd] deprived.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

I

There lived a wife at Usher's well,
 And a wealthy wife was she;
 She had three stout and stalwart sons,
 And sent them o'er the sea.

II

They hadna been a week from her, 5
 A week but barely ane,
 When word came to the carline wife
 That her three sons were gane.

III

They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely three, 10
 When word came to the carline wife
 That her sons she'd never see.

IV

'I wish the wind may never cease,
 Nor fashes in the flood,
 Till my three sons come hame to me 15
 In earthly flesh and blood!'

V

It fell about the Martinmas,
 When nights are lang and mirk,
 The carline wife's three sons came hame,
 And their hats were o' the birk. 20

VI

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
 Nor yet in ony sheugh;

7. carline] old woman. 14. fashes] troubles. 18. mirk] dark.
 20. birk] birch. 21. syke] marsh. 22. sheugh] trench.

But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair enough.

VII

Blow up the fire, my maidens! 25
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'

VIII

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide; 30
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

IX

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said, 35
' 'Tis time we were away.'

X

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
'Brother, we must awa.' 40

XI

'The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

XII

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear! 45
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!

42. channerin'] fretting. 44. maun bide] must bear.

THE DÆMON LOVER

'O where have you been, my long, long love,
 This long seven years and mair?
 'O I'm come to seek my former vows
 Ye granted me before.'

II

'O hold your tongue of your former vows, 5
 For they will breed sad strife;
 O hold your tongue of your former vows,
 For I am become a wife.'

III

He turned him right and round about,
 And the tear blinded his ee: 10
 'I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
 If it had not been for thee.'

IV

'I might hae had a king's daughter,
 Far, far beyond the sea;
 I might have had a king's daughter, 15
 Had it not been for love o' thee.'

V

'If ye might have had a king's daughter,
 Yer sel ye had to blame;
 Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
 For ye ken'd that I was nane. 20

VI

'If I was to leave my husband dear,
 And my two babes also,
 O what have you to take me to,
 If with you I should go?'

18. yer sel] yourself. 20. ken'd] knew.

VII

'I hae seven ships upon the sea—
The eighth brought me to land—
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand.' 25

VIII

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them baith on cheek an' chin: 30
'O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again.'

IX

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetic, 35
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

X

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee. 40

XI

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

XII

'O hold your tongue of your weepin,' says he, 45
'Of your weeping now let me be;
I will shew you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy.'

XIII

'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?' 50
'O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,
'Where you will never win.'

XIV

'O whaten a mountain is yon,' she cried,
'All so dreary wi' frost and snow?'
'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried, 55
'Where you and I will go.'

XV

He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea. 60

52. win] make your way. Stanza 14 (lines 53-6) may contain a remnant of the old Norse belief in a Hell of frost and ice.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

I

The King sits in Dumfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine?'

II

O up and spake an eldern knight, 5
Sat at the king's right knee:
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea.'

III

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand, 10
3. skeely] skilful. 9. braid] large and folded.

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

IV

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway, 15
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

V

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read, 20
The tear blinded his ee.

VI

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

VII

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet, 25
Our ship must sail the faem;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

VIII

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may; 30
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

IX

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway 35
Began aloud to say;

X

'Ye Scottish men spend a' our King's goud,
 And a' our Queenis fee.'
 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
 Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

40

XI

'For I brought as much white monie,
 As gane my men and me.
 And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud,
 Out o'er the sea wi' me.

XII

'Make ready, make ready—my merry men a'!
 Our gude ship sails the morn;
 'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm!

45

XIII

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
 And if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we'll come to harm.'

50

XIV

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
 Aud gurly grew the sea.

55

XV

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
 It was sic a deadly storm;
 And the waves cam o'er the broken ship
 Till a' her sides were torn.

60

42. gane] suffice. 43. half-fou] eighth part of a peck.
 46. the morn] to-morrow. 47. alake] alack, alas. 55. lift] sky
 56. gurly] growling, stormy. 57. lap] sprang.

XVI

'O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?'

XVII

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.

65

XVIII

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

70

XIX

'Gae, fetch a web o' silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.

75

XX

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them around that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

80

XXI

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hat aboon.

XXII

And mony was the feather bed,
That flatter'd on the faem;

71. bout] bolt. 74. twine] rope. 75. wap] wrap, throw.
81. laith] loath. 86. flatter'd] tossed afloat.

And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam hame.

XXIII

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

90

XXIV

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

95

XXV

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

100

XXVI

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at h's feet.

98. kaims] combs.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK

STANZAS I-V

I

In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song:

1. shawes] woods. sheyne] bright, beautiful. 4. foulys] birds.

II

To se the dere draw to the dale,
 And leve the hillès hee,
 And shadow hem in the levès grene,
 Under the grene-wode tre.

5

III

Hit befel on Whitsontide,
 Erly in a May mornyng,
 The son up feyre can shyne,
 And the briddis mery can syng.

10

IV

'This is a mery mornyng,' seid Litull John,
 'Be Hym that dyed on tre;
 A more mery man then I am one
 Lyves not in Cristiantē.

15

V

'Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,'
 Litull John can sey,
 'And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme
 In a mornyng of May.'

7. hem] them. 11. can] did. 14. on tre] on the cross.
 15. then] than.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

5

- 'I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew;
 And on thy cheek a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.' 10
- 'I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild. 15
- 'I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She look'd at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan. 20
- 'I set her on my pacing steed
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sideways would she lean, and sing
 A faery's song.
- 'She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild and manna dew,
 And sure in language strange she said,
 "I love thee true!" 25
- 'She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
 With kisses four. 30
- 'And there she lullèd me asleep,
 And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
 The latest dream I ever dream'd
 On the cold hill's side. 35

'I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 Who cried—"La belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!"

40

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill's side.

'And this is why I sojourn here
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.'

45

John Keats (1795-1821).

THE FAERIE QUEENE

BOOK I, CANTO I, STANZAS (I-V)

I

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many a bloody field;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield;
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

5

II

And on his brest a bloudie crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,

10

And dead as living ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had : 15
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave, 20
 That greatest glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
 To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave ;
 And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
 To prove his puissance in battell brave 25
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide 30
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mournd : so was she sad,
 And heaue sat upon her palfrey slow :
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had, 35
 And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore 40
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,

And all the world in their subjection held;
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
 Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far 45
 compeld.

Edmund Spenser (1552-1599).

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground; 5
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest; 10
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
 From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played, 15
 And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
 made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale, 20
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:

And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale; 25
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to 30
 move,

As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood.
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
 And where this valley winded out, below, 35
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
 to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was:
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky: 40
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expelled from this delicious nest. 45

James Thomson (1700-1748).

TIME AND GRIEF

() Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away;

On thee I rest my only hope at last, 5
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile:
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour, 10
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah! how much must this poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

William Lisle Bowles (1762-1850).

UPHILL

Does the road wind uphill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place? 5

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before. 10

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek? 15

Yea, beds for all whom come.

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894).

CHORUS FROM 'ATALANTA'

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous 5
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light, 10
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers, 15
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring! 20
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over, 25
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;

And time remember'd is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten, 30
 And in green underwood and cover

Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909).

IN AFTER DAYS

RONDEAU

In after days when grasses high
 O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claim to honour'd dust,
 I shall not question nor reply. 5

I shall not see the morning sky;
 I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
 I shall be mute, as all men must
 In after days!

But yet, now living, fain would I 10
 That some one then should testify,
 Saying—'He held his pen in trust
 To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
 Will none?—Then let my memory die
 In after days! 15

Austin Dobson (1840-).

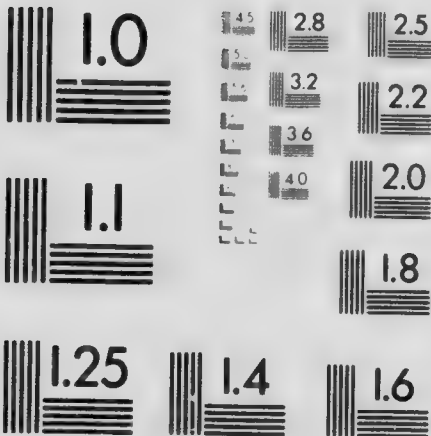
A PASSER-BY

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
 Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
 That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
 Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?



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Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest, 5
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou
knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air; 10
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare:
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capp'd
grandest
Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair 15
Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou
standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine. 20
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

Robert Bridges (1844-).

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

'Ye have robb'd,' said he, 'ye have slaughter'd and made
an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?'
'Blood for our blood,' they said.

He laugh'd: 'If one may settle the score for five, 5
I am ready: but let the reckoning stand till day:
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive,'
'You shall die at dawn,' said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climb'd alone to the Eastward edge of the 10
trees;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin River sullenly flows;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills, 15
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride. 20

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hid the loved and honour'd dead;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green, 25
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timber'd roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen; 30

The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the dais serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her
screw;
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home, 35
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruin'd camp below the wood;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;
His murderers round him stood. 40

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chill'd to a dazzling white;
He turn'd, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

'O glorious Life, who dwellest in earth and sun, 45
I have lived, I praise and adore thee.'

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

Henry Newbolt (1862-).

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles
made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey
bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes 5
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
cricket sings;
'There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the 10
shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements
gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats (1865-).

SHEEP AND LAMBS

All in the April morning,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs 5
Pass'd me by on the road;
All in an April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary and crying
With a weak, human cry, 10
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
 Dewy pastures are sweet:
 Rest for the little bodies,
 Rest for the little feet. 15

Rest for the Lamb of God
 Up on the hill-top green,
 Only a cross of shame
 Two stark crosses between. 20

All in the April evening,
 April airs were abroad;
 I saw the sheep with their lambs,
 And thought on the Lamb of God.
Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

THE LISTENERS

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champ'd the grasses
 Of the forest's ferny floor;
 And a bird flew up out of the turret, 5
 Above the Traveller's head:
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;
 'Is there anybody there?' he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveller;
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill 10
 Lean'd over and look'd into his grey eyes,
 Where he stood perplex'd and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then

Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight 15
To that voice from the world of men :
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair.
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirr'd and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call. 20
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starr'd and leafy sky :
For he suddenly smote on the door, even 25
Louder, and lifted his head :—
'Tell them I came, and no one answer'd,
That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake :
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward, 35
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter de la Mare (1873-).

THE WORLD'S MAY-QUEEN

When Spring comes back to England
And crowns her brows with May,
Round the merry moonlit world
She goes the greenwood way :
She throws a rose to Italy, 5
A fleur-de-lys to France ;

But round her regal morris-ring
The seas of England dance.

When Spring comes back to England
And dons her robe of green, 10
There's many a nation garlanded,
But England is the Queen;
She's Queen, she's Queen of all the world
Beneath the laughing sky,
For the nations go a-Maying 15
When they hear the New Year cry—
'Come over the water to England,
My old love, my new love,
Come over the water to England
In showers of flowery rain; 20
Come over the water to England,
April, my true love,
And tell the heart of England
The Spring is here again!

Alfred Noyes (188-).

SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and
the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white
sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide 5
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day and the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-
gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy
life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's
like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-
rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over. *John Masefield (1874—).*

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death 5
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still. 10
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep 15
Pillowed in silk and scented down,

Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
 Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
 Where hushed awakenings are dear.
 But I've a rendezvous with Death
 At midnight in some flaming town,
 When Spring trips north again this year,
 And I to my pledged word am true,
 I shall not fail that rendezvous.

20

*"From 'Poems by Alan Seeger (1888-1916).
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IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
 Between the crosses row on row,
 That mark our place, and in the sky
 The larks still bravely singing fly,
 Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

5

We are the dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders' fields.

Take up the quarrel with the foe,
 To you from falling hands we throw
 The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
 If ye break faith with us who die,
 We shall not sleep though poppies grow
 In Flanders' fields.

10

Lieut.-Col. John M'Crae (1872-1918).

